



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
"Red Tide" – "Boat to House"
"Life with Kayaks" – "Bringing It All Home"

Volume 23 - Number 13

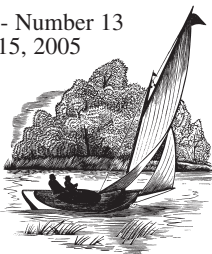
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Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks.

Production and subscription fulfillment is by Roberta Freeman.

For circulation or production inquiries or problems, contact:

**Roberta Freeman at
officesupport@comcast.net**

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On the Cover...

When John Hadden launched his Queen Mab in September, the occasion also provided opportunity for his grandson to enjoy his "first time alone in a boat at sea." More photos are featured in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



If those of you who read this page each issue were surprised upon opening the October 15 issue to this page to find a repeat of Page 2 from the October 1 issue, so was I. Somehow the October 1 Page 2 got substituted for the October 15 Page 2 we sent to the printer and okayed the proof thereof, all electronically. It has to be in that mysterious trickery of a pdf file sent on little silvery disc and later proofed via the internet (my daughters' hookup) somehow. So, I am bringing you here my commentary from the October 15 issue, slightly edited to modify references to that issue's content.

In that issue adventurer Reinhard Zollitsch concluded his narrative of his circumnavigation of New England by canoe, begun six years ago and reported over those years on our pages. Also in that issue John Fitzgerald told us about his trip on a wilderness Maine river by canoe, introducing two boys, ages 7 and 10, to the thrills of adventuring afloat by canoe. Steve Lapey's report on his solo canoe trip in Ontario's Algonquin park in August made it into the November 1 issue. Still waiting in the wings for an upcoming issue is Dick Winslow's story on his 2004 fall foliage canoe trip on the chain of Chiputneticook Lakes in New Brunswick.

All of these canoe paddlers get way out there somewhere with all they will need for several days minimum onboard their canoes. Reinhard's Verlun Kruger canoe looks and acts like a kayak with its full decking, but he paddles it with a single paddle canoe style. It is more suitable for the choices Reinhard has made of where to go adventuring, chiefly ocean coastlines rather than interior rivers or lakes. Dick and Steve paddle wood/canvas canoes.

There has always been something appealing to me about these inland canoeing adventures. I was first exposed to them back in the '80s at the L.L. Bean Canoe Symposium held at a wonderful 100-year-old summer camp in Bridgeton, Maine (it still takes place there each June but no longer with Bean backing). While all the various ways to play in canoes had their proponents there to extol the pleasures of each, it was the adventuring on wild rivers in Maine and Canada that grabbed my imagination. Not the whit water, but rather the concept of following the river to where it would lead.

Most persuasive was the Maine husband/wife team of Garrett and Alexandra Conover, who take parties out on Maine and Labrador rivers using wood canvas canoes built by their neighbor, Jerry Stelmok. Their

typically week-long outings are throwbacks to the guide and sports era, the Conovers bring along complete full size tents, a complete stove, and all the good food one seems to generate tremendous appetite for on such adventuring. Jane and I were almost ready one year to sign on but, as too often happens, we never did get around to it.

By the time I discovered this aspect of canoeing I had already been turned onto sea kayaking by Chuck Sutherland in 1984, and what with our living only three miles from the ocean, kayaking became what we eventually did for paddlesport. Despite this personal commitment to double paddling kayaks, in 1990 I undertook to edit and publish *Wooden Canoe*, the bi-monthly journal of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association and, over the five-year period I did this, through 1994, got to know a lot about the wooden canoe enthusiasm, met many interesting people, and attended several of their annual gatherings.

Despite all of this exposure to the charms of canoeing and the people who enjoy it, I never did get hooked enough to do more than an occasional paddle with someone I knew. I did take a half-day canoeing course at L.L. Bean's one summer to test my feelings about it and found that I was not enamored of the single paddle method of propulsion, having to switch from side to side in order to keep going straight, and having to employ a number of special strokes to control the canoe in various water conditions. I had been spoiled (corrupted, the canoeist might suggest) by my double paddling experience kayaking.

So canoes have been put to one side during the now close to 30 years I have dabbled in small boating, over there with steamboats and mahogany runabouts, both of which strongly appealed to me at one time or another.

All too much, way too much. The buffet of interesting and appealing ways to mess about in boats was more than I could handle, financially or timewise. I hadda let most of the good stuff go by. The one consistent commitment I have been able to sustain is this magazine, 23 years now. Through it I have been able to enjoy vicariously through your stories all these other ways to mess about in boats that I could not undertake myself. Even now, after all these years, as I read a particularly compelling tale of adventuring in small boats, I feel that nudge inside that, hey, maybe I oughta try that. Then I look around at all I have on my plate now and reality intrudes. There'll never be time enough.

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As summer was winding down there was the sense that, having finally arrived, it was loath to release its claim on the landscape. I've complained about our fickle spring and the tardiness of real summer weather in earlier essays, now I can bask in the quality of the sultry summer scene.

The Captain, First Mate, and ship's dog all headed north to sign on to another vessel berthed up on the Cocheco River at the top of Great Bay in New Hampshire. The little Melonseed would have found it tough going to navigate that area of the Bay.

Our local rivers are short and well known entities, the Cocheco wasn't one of them, and our anticipation of adventure ran high. The ship's dog was to come only as far as the land-based home of friends Sue and Lee Downer, where she'd bunk in with their dogs while we went boating with them.

The weather and work all conspired to delay our departure, so the potential for an evening excursion was quashed and we arrived in time for dinner, which was accompanied by verbal preview of the next day's adventure. Sue and Lee keep their center console vessel up at a private marina in Dover, which is protected from any bad weather out on the Bay, which location provides a trip through history to reach the open waters of the Bay.

In the glory days when men built wooden ships to ply the coastal routes of commerce, Dover was a thriving community with ample waterways to support mills. Boatyards sprang up like mushrooms after the rain. Unlike its southern neighbors in Massachusetts, New Hampshire shares a rocky backbone with Maine which extends down from the Canadian Maritimes. There is no question of dredging out the shifting sands as in Ipswich, Essex, or Marshfield for estuarine boatworks.

Nope, this is granite country and the river's edges and iron-hard bottom had to be blasted to accommodate the larger vessels' passage. There is absolutely no leeway for a small fiberglass sailboat to make an error in navigation here. Getting caught among the motor traffic, the high rock walls and pre-cambrian outcroppings would be a real nightmare. Which is why we left *Marshmelon* home moored to the front lawn.

We are used to the soft marsh-edged waters of the Ipswich Bay and South Shore environs, so we found walking down the gangway to the floating docks was like going into a shallow wet quarry. Across the river there were corrugated steel bulwarks driven into the small amount of exposed alluvial soils forming the inner curve of an oxbow. These steel plates were placed as protection from erosion and also the foundation for a future town park to be built on a minor "brown field," an old industrial site, perhaps a small tool foundry that supported the boat builders of the past.

History seeps out of the granite that restrains the river's path. The ruddy tears of old cast iron fittings plunged into the exposed cliff face give a hint that once upon a time there was a set of stairs or a ladder system tied into the stone, allowing river travelers access to buildings set along the upper reaches. While not the Grand Canyon, the cliffs were impressive with their dour grey walls and quartzite shoulders hunched to ward off the blows inflicted by an industrial age that eked out every economic advantage an unforgiving countryside could offer.



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

A Not So Lazy River

In places where tributaries joined the main river we could view the manmade advances of stacked granite blocks which supported long abandoned railway trestles. The smaller piles of granite were ghosts of forgotten quays where generations of river men loaded the small timber and grain harvests onto commercial boats that traded with the city of Portsmouth and the larger boat yards around Kittery, Maine.

Our introduction to the river and the Downers' new boat came on the heels of the first tropical storm that interrupted oil refineries along the Gulf Coast. Gas was being hocked at outrageous prices in anticipation of future shortages, this was perhaps a point in the sailboat's favor if the winds had been cooperative along the sinuous path to the open water. Larger vessels than ours were guzzling enormous quantities of gas and Diesel fuel at the dock. What happened to the once wide difference between gas and Diesel costs?

With the continued bad weather and disruptions to our refineries, how are the power boaters going to continue to support their activities? Where will the trickle down economics of a short fuel supply lead us? How many small businesses (and not so small) will be forced to close their doors? The boat we were on is a modest and fairly fuel efficient model, used occasionally, not to support a living on the water. My heart ached to see the old wooden lobster and fishing boats lumbering along out on the Bay, futures traders and panic mongers are going to impact these men's livelihood.

As we traveled south through the hemlock strewn granite canyons we noticed a change in the topography along the port side. The river swelled as the farmlands bordering the Salmon River joined us, bringing a flow down from Eliot, Maine, to broaden and soften the shoreline. Gone were the somber, brooding, granite ramparts cloaked with dark hemlock and sinewy oaks. Here were the open fields and cheerful pasture junipers dancing in a freshening breeze.

Homes were now visible, some were cottage communities clustered like apples on a branch of pavement settled atop a small drumlin left by the last ice age. Others included huge estates with covered riding arenas for pampered horses which spread across old hayfields. Their boundaries were

protected with fencing worthy of Blue Grass Kentucky farms. The difference was remarkable, past the Salmon River only a few stubborn fingers of granite were visible, bones underneath a succulent flesh of farm land that sweeps down to the shore. The edges of this more open water were fringed by marshy areas and salt resistant trees. It felt more familiar, and less like James Fenimore Cooper territory, than the Cocheco River did.

Needing gas, we headed southeast to go under the General Sullivan Bridge that carries Routes 4 and 16 north. Having joined the start of the mighty Piscataqua River as the outlet to Little and Great Bays, our little tributary got a lift and push as it mixed its volume with the Bay water swirling around the pylons supporting the bridge. This was definitely NOT Melonseed territory, nearing the middle of a rising tide the currents equaled the Merrimac in full spate.

After locating gas we turned up into the top of Little Bay where the traffic was about 50% larger sailboats and moderate open power craft. Few larger motor yachts were out that day. I spotted my favorite, an American Tug at anchor in a group of medium-sized sailboats near the fuel docks. A dream yet to be realized is to live a year on this sort of craft, being a snowbird and traveling the Intra-Coastal Waterway down to the Keys after the hurricane season, before the worst of the cold weather arrives in New England, perhaps going so far as to travel north in the late summer and do a smaller great circle route using the St. Lawrence and Hudson rivers rather than the mighty Mississippi, then heading south. Seeing the tug brought latent dreams to the fore.

Little Bay is a modest stretch of water hemmed in by farmland and sparsely populated areas. The homes you can see are tastefully done, many have been renovated in the past decade, but several are of the old New England pattern, "big house, little house, back house, barn," that is to say, the main (big) house was added onto as the family grew and funds were available (little house), then the summer kitchen or workshop/breezeway was added to give protection from the elements (back house), and it all connected to the barn which harbored the family's livelihood, cattle and mixed livestock with the feed for them as well.

Sneaking through the pinched gut between Adams Point and the Great Bay Nature Wildlife Reserve, we entered Great Bay itself. While perhaps only a tenth the size of Lake Winnepesaukee, Great Bay is impressive. Bracketed by several points of land, rocky or shaggy with thick turf, these points jut out into the Bay and offer several quiet coves to anchor in and fish or just relax out of the wind, currents, and chop churned up by boats going in opposite directions. *Marshmelon* would have been gleefully happy to come out and play on Great Bay, we have a fellow Melonhead living on Little Bay who hosts a fall regatta that we have enjoyed in past years.

We anchored in the lee of Thomas Point and basked like four seals hauled out on the day beacon in front of our house in Ipswich. The immature eagle we'd spotted at breakfast may have followed us, there was at least one competing with the resident ospreys for fishing rights across the cove we settled into. We floated in an area that was just off the glide path for Pease International Tradeport and the New Hampshire Air National Guard

runways, retired from the Air Force. Lee identified the different aircraft that flew overhead. I was disappointed not to see the big old C-5 cargo planes that used to trundle out over Route 95 and shake the pavement with their resonant engine noise. What would it feel like to be afloat under one of these big birds as it took off or came in to land?

It was too good a day to give up and go home after we'd lunched and lazed about, so we headed out past Fox Point and turned east-southeast to make the run into Portsmouth Harbor. Again the scenery changed, we passed old and abandoned industrial sites, places that were seeing urban redevelopment and a bizarre assortment of housing options on both the New Hampshire and Maine coastlines. The oddest was a flat steel barge with an actual house framed onto its deck, the best planned was the Atlantic Heights assemblage of Navy housing built from brick and concrete in picturesque Queen Anne and Tudor styles during World War II. Progressing into the city itself we saw new and restored older buildings offering waterfront condominiums.

Traveling under the big Piscataqua River Bridge I most appreciated the big out-board engines and the helmsman's skill.

Currents here are almost as fierce as ones I saw on our trip to the San Juan Islands a few years ago. There were those scary "smooth lumps" of water between the obvious swirls. I was told by an old salt in Friday Harbor, Washington, that the "smooth, glassy areas are some of the most dangerous and strong currents out there, that they represent a very deep and treacherous upwelling... that will suck you under and crush your bones on the bottom." There were small whirlpools and back currents that made navigation a full time job. Add a handful of inexperienced boaters sharing the channel and it's not a place to venture into without being well prepared and having good local knowledge.

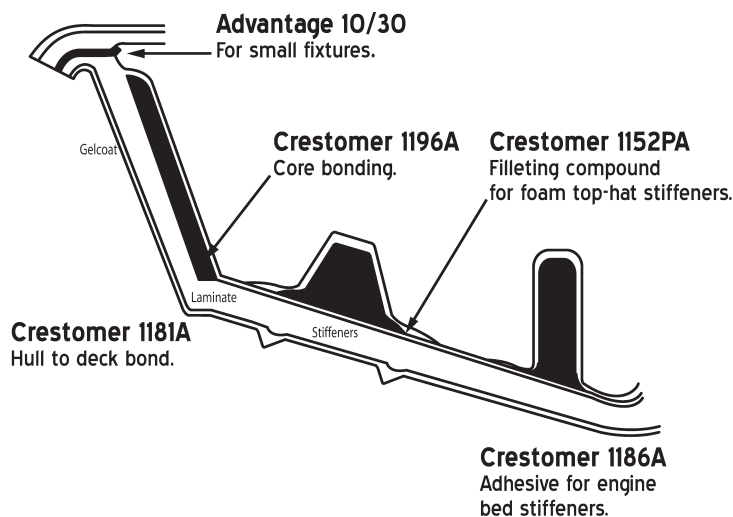
The temperature dropped as we approached the bridge, the cold Atlantic stretched its icy fingers deep into the harbor and all hands bundled up. We took a turn around the harbor and started back up river after reaching the old Navy Brig. There stands a building that is ripe for urban redevelopment. I'd sign up tomorrow for a condo unit overlooking the river or the shipyard behind. It stands with theatrical majesty, a throwback to an era when even prisons were designed to be elegant. The old hulk is in sad condition and would need a through exor-

cism. It's not Alcatraz, but I'm sure there are restless souls still roaming through its halls.

Retracing our path upriver, we made great time with throttles open and the protected inland air warming our chilled bones. Once we passed the Salmon Falls River we were back in the primeval, wooded canyons. Progress was cautious as there are no sandbars, only axehead like ridges of granite to blunder into if we stray from the marked channel. The afternoon light sifted down the river, gilding each twist and quiet backwater with a cinematopic quality worthy of National Geographic. The tannin-rich fluid was at once tea-like and filled with gold or silver sparkles as the mica and pyrite flecks were stirred up by a trickle of water joining the river. Wood ducks and ravens remarked on our passage, blue jays scolded us for disturbing the neighborhood. Somewhere off in a side stream damned up by beavers in the past, a new resident slapped the water with its tail.

We had a remarkable day on an old river system and poking our noses out into the larger Bay. I'm ready for a second trip and recommend you consider your own visit on a not so lazy river.

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Thank you to everyone who has expressed concern for the people of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Where to begin? These are difficult times but we continue to be inspired by the many people working together, and we know the sun will once again shine on our precious Gulf Coast.

First of all, this hurricane was like no other. Everyone compares hurricanes to those they have known in the past. George was a rainmaker. Opal had a huge storm surge. Ivan had enormous winds. Andrew was costly. Camille was a killer. Actually, most of Katrina's victims will tell you, "This neighborhood did fine during Hurricane Camille in 1969. We never dreamed it would be affected by Katrina." Camille had 190mph winds offshore and 150mph winds when she made landfall at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, in 1969. But her hurricane force winds only stretched from Mobile to New Orleans.

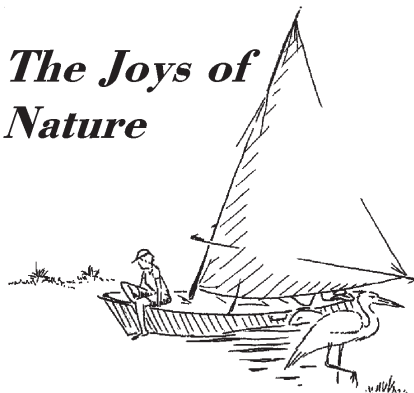
Katrina had the lowest pressure ever of any storm in the Gulf of Mexico (902mb). She was the largest hurricane ever recorded in the Gulf with hurricane force winds stretching from Pensacola, Florida, to Cocodrie, Louisiana, extending 125 miles from the eye in each direction. Katrina had 175mph winds offshore. When we saw this on the Weather Channel we could hardly breathe. We knew that if her winds did not drop below 140mph she would cause tremendous damage on the east side of the eye. She made her first Gulf Coast landfall at 6:00am Monday in Venice, Louisiana, with winds of 145mph as a Category 4 hurricane. She made her second landfall when she hit Waveland, Mississippi, with 125mph winds and a 30' storm surge.

My husband, Larry, and I still have lots of clean-up around our Foley and Orange Beach properties. More trees and limbs are down. We had winds of 100mph to 105mph straight out of the south (a new direction for us). Orange Beach did much better than Gulf Shores this time. We now have electricity at both of our homes. The hardest hit areas in Alabama were Bayou La Batre, Dauphin Island, Fort Morgan, Point Clear, Fairhope, and Daphne. The Mobile Bay causeway and its wonderful restaurants were also badly damaged.

I had just spent two days at Dauphin Island Sea Lab editing the SAME fall newsletter. I took the ferry back and forth from Fort Morgan to Dauphin Island. That ferry dock, which re-opened after Ivan on June 1st, is destroyed again. The Alabama Gulf Coast Zoo in Gulf Shores had its grand re-opening from Ivan on Friday, August 26th. On the following Sunday the staff and volunteers evacuated all the animals. The hurricane hit Monday. On Tuesday the media interviewed the zoo's director walking through waist-deep water, very excited that the buildings were not damaged, and saying that they would re-open again on the anniversary of Hurricane Ivan, September 16th. I am not sure how many times these folks can bounce back before their spirits are broken.

My sister, Valerie, lives three blocks from the Mississippi Sound in Pascagoula, Mississippi. She and her family and their two dogs stayed at my Mom's during the storm. Valerie's house has a water line inside of it that is 5' above the floor. Neighbors who rode out the storm on the second floor of their homes said that at first about 2' of water came in and stayed and everybody breathed a sigh of relief. They could live with 2' of water.

The Joys of Nature



Lessons from Katrina About the Human Spirit

By Sonya Wood Mahler, Regional Extension Agent in Forestry, Wildlife, & Natural Resources for Southwest Alabama, Alabama Cooperative Extension System
Submitted by Ken Murphy, *Shallow Water Sailor*

Then the Mississippi Sound rose into their neighborhood, bringing sloshing waves through each house for over nine hours. Valerie and George's house is gutted. Everything on the first floor was ruined, although they have been able to salvage our grandmother's silver, some jewelry, the photos that were hanging in the hallway, and some clothes. The upstairs is fine but it is just a playroom and an office. Sydney, my niece, had a SUV that was in the garage. It floated around and bashed into the walls.

We are still concerned about our other family and friends along the Mississippi Gulf Coast. It will never be the same again. Remember the names of these communities and keep them in your prayers... from east to west... Pascagoula, Gautier, Ocean Springs, Biloxi, Gulfport, Long Beach, Waveland, Pass Christian, and Bay St. Louis. Over 200 people are confirmed dead in Mississippi. It was very difficult to drive along the Mississippi Sound beachfront and see the historic homes turned to splinters and the gorgeous old live oaks lying on the ground. Both the homes and the oaks were survivors of Hurricane Camille.

Larry and I have taken several loads of supplies to Pascagoula and have another ready to take. We took gasoline, water for drinking and bathing, lemonade and PowerAde, towels, sheets, pillows, paper towels, toilet paper, buckets, mops and brooms, cleaning supplies, plastic cups, spoons, and forks, first aid supplies, tarps of all sizes, garden hoses, shower curtains and hooks, flashlights, shampoo, toothpaste, soap, combs, deodorant, and other toiletries, diapers, bottles, wipes, clothes, shoes, food, pet food, can openers, Bibles, books, games, puzzles, and toys.

We knew this list by heart because this is what groups in Mississippi brought to Baldwin County last September after Hurricane Ivan. Now that word has gotten out that we are making deliveries to Pascagoula,

bags of stuffed animals and boxes of camping gear are appearing on our front porch.

The people of Pascagoula are so strong and so gracious. There is no concern for your safety, no one stealing other people's water, no car jacking. I'm afraid the national coverage of the hurricane is focusing on the most negative scenes. I have seen a few signs hand painted on plywood that read, "U loot, we shoot!" and "This property protected by Smith and Wesson," but there have not been any reports of looting yet.

George says that as soon as the insurance adjusters come by to confirm their property and the extent of the damage, people are welcome to come down their street and take anything from the 10' high piles of debris before it is all carted off to the landfills. I saw another plywood sign that read "Extreme Home Makeover, Katrina Edition," and one in front of huge pile of debris that read "Yard of the Year." Another, with an arrow pointing into a neighborhood, read "To MS Power: trees on lines, power poles broken, transformer in road... well, you get the picture!"

Each person we encounter on the Mississippi Coast has a different need. One man wanted to use our cell phone so he could call his mom in Indiana to let her know he was OK. One young girl had us give her a ride to her friend's house in Gautier to see if it was still standing. One woman asked if we had some aspirin for her splitting headache. We put out a table of food and drinks on the side of the street but soon found that most people didn't like our choice of goodies. They said the food was too healthy. One man told me he didn't eat purple chips and he liked his tea brown instead of green. Oh well. On the next run we took Cokes, ham sandwiches, and cookies.

Larry and I took supplies to the local shelter in Robertsedale, Alabama. Our fairgrounds and coliseum were home to 450 people, mostly evacuees from Mississippi. Many of the children began attending schools in the Robertsedale area on Tuesday, September 6th. The National Guard is at the shelter to provide security, but mostly they direct traffic. There is a flood of donations coming in from local churches and individuals.

I dropped off our stuff but was appalled at how unorganized it was. They were not sorting any of the donations and were not trying to protect the perishable items from the heat or sun. I kept thinking, "If I were in charge here I would have tables set up here, and the children's play area there, and some of the evacuees working over there to pull out towels and bed linens."

But, of course, I didn't volunteer to run that show. I have three programs I am supposed to be coordinating in the next three weeks. We are not sure if we should cancel them or not. One is a training course on chainsaw safety and tree climbing safety. Important stuff for this area, but everyone is too busy out there climbing and cutting up trees to come to it!

Larry and I went back to Pascagoula on September 5th with his truck and utility trailer filled to the brim with supplies. After our shelter experience in Robertsedale we decided we wanted to put the stuff directly into the hands of the people who needed it. All of the staff and faculty at the extension office were very generous with donations. Sandra put the word out in her church in Pine Grove, a town just south of Bay Minette, and they brought a huge mail truck to us filled with supplies.

We drove first to a working class neighborhood six to ten blocks from the water in Pascagoula. The utility trailer worked perfectly. We could group the supplies and people could look at them to see what they could use. We had cleaning supplies like mops, brooms, buckets, bleach, and gloves in one corner. We had food, drinks, and water in another. We had toiletries inside six huge ice chests. We had baby stuff in one section and clothes and shoes in another.

We drove slowly down the street and when we saw someone outside we would stop and ask them if they needed anything. People were very conservative, taking only what they needed. They would suggest elderly neighbors or people in wheelchairs who needed supplies. We visited with a couple living in their boat parked on its trailer in their driveway. We gave them mildew cleaner and scrub brushes to use in washing down their new residence.

I have seen true acts of heroism and great generosity. A couple in their 60s came up to us with shovels and asked if they could help get mud out of the living room of Valerie's house. They lived closer to the Sound and had lost their entire house. They said, "There is nothing we can do at our house, so we want to help with yours."

We had a box of Bibles that Sandra had given us to distribute. We visited with a woman, a first-time homeowner, who had moved in one month before and had purchased her first washer and dryer three weeks before. When Larry asked her if she needed a Bible, she replied, "Gracious, yes. My Bible was washed off the nightstand and was lying face down in the middle of the floor with all the pages stuck together. When I came inside my house and saw the devastation and the washer and dryer lying on their sides, I almost broke down. I walked over and picked up the Bible. It was permanently open to the 23rd Psalm. I read that and I was ready to get started with the next part of my life... the cleanup!"

We took our relief efforts to a low-income neighborhood. There we met a man who was walking around collecting dogs that had survived the flood waters. He was bringing them home and feeding them. If they had ID tags he took them to their homes, put them inside their fences, and returned each day to feed them. If they had no ID he tried for three days to find their owners and then gave them to the Humane Society. They were sending them as far away as Ohio and Missouri to find new homes. If they were cut by glass or debris, or sick from the contaminated water, he took them to the animal clinic. At this point, the man had found 52 dogs and was still caring for 30 of them. When we asked, he said he needed nothing for himself. "Just bring back lots of dog food!"

One woman tried to ride out the hurricane in her one-story home. She could not swim. When her house filled with 4' of water she put her two big dogs on either side of her and had them swim with her across the street to a two-story church. There were already about 30 people on the second floor of the church's education building. They welcomed her and her two life-saving dogs inside to wait out the rest of the storm.

I talked to a very wealthy woman standing in front of the remains of her gorgeous home near the water. She was left with splinters of wood and a foundation. She would not take any of the supplies that I offered her. She said, "I have never accepted any charity

and I won't start now. I have worked hard all my 60-plus years for what I had."

I said, "I know you have and this may be the very first time that others may have to help you. And it is absolutely OK to ask for that help." I started to walk toward the driver's side of the truck to get in when she said, "Um, could I have a toothbrush and some toothpaste?" I said, "Of course. Of course. Let's pick you out a nice color."

On September 8th Melanie, Chris, and I drove through neighborhoods we had not been in before. Most of the people said we were the first relief vehicle of any kind that had come down their street (this is ten days after the storm)! It was a miracle that it had not rained there yet. Tarps were a very popular item because residents were starting to realize that it was going to rain one day.

Two exciting things happened while we were at my sister's house on September 8th. State Farm Insurance adjusters were driving around to their client's homes. They were the first we have seen... another reason to stick with State Farm. Huge trucks began to go down the streets collecting debris from the curbs. It was a very organized procession of four trucks. The first truck took the white goods. The second took furniture. The third took lumber, and the fourth took carpet, vinyl, insulation, and all the other minutiae of our homes. A huge arm would grab the pile and put it into the proper truck. A fast-moving Bobcat would push stuff into new piles for the arm to grab. After the trucks had moved farther down the street, neighbors would come out with brooms and sweep all of the glass and nails out of the road. This sort of steady progress made me very proud of Mississippi!

It was somewhat upsetting for us to drive through the nicer subdivisions and see furniture that could be repaired with little effort sitting on the curb. We saw rosewood dressers, oak desks, mahogany pianos, and cedar chests. Unfortunately, before someone who has a great love for beautiful furniture can go through and collect some of it, the trucks will probably have taken it to the landfills. And I don't think those who live in the lower income neighborhoods are going to get the opportunity to look through the piles on the curbs of the higher income subdivisions. There is too much concern about looting. It is difficult to distinguish between the stuff they intend to throw out and the stuff they are drying out, spread out on the lawn 20' away.

Most people had water by the 8th, although the water pressure was pitiful and it

was not drinkable. No electricity yet, but the power trucks were working everywhere and I could see the glowing light bulb at the end of the tunnel! There was a Red Cross truck riding around in the evening offering free food. A woman with almost no voice left would call out "Hot meals!" every few minutes. We stopped outside a bar where a half-dozen employees were dragging bar stools and carpet out to the curb. We gave them plastic cups and napkins to use in the bar when it reopened. We spoke to one of the men about the Red Cross hot meals. He confided in me that he had eaten the spaghetti, the chicken, and the pork chops, and they all tasted like high-grade cardboard. He said he would stick with eating the MREs.

Larry and I will continue to make supply runs to 'goula (as it is affectionately called) through the end of October. Of course, our efforts are half distribution and half counseling. Everyone has a story to tell and they feel much better if they can share it with someone who has lived through a hurricane or two himself. We have gotten to know a lot of the streets and a lot of the residents of Pascagoula, and we have been inspired by their grit and heartened by their Southern charm.

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Activities & Events...

What To Do With a Great Pumpkin

A columnist in the *Boston Sunday Globe* recently commented upon the fate of the award winning great pumpkin at the Topsfield Fair. Winner Jim Beauchemin cut his 1,314lb pumpkin in half, scooped out the interior stuff, hung an electric trolling motor on one end (where is an end on a pumpkin?), dropped in a milk crate for a seat and headed for New Hampshire's Piscataqua River for an annual giant pumpkin regatta on October 16. No follow up report on the results has appeared in the *Globe*.

Alicia Moore, Ipswich, MA

Adventures & Experiences...

Remembering Platt

The article about Platt Monfort brought back some memories. A few years ago I sent for his booklet as I had an interest in building the boat shelter described in it. Never quite got to that project but did visit him at his home/workshop in Wiscasset when I saw an ad that he was selling one of his canoes. But, as my budget was tight at the time, I passed on the opportunity. In hindsight I wished many times that I had accepted his reasonable offer.

Merv Taylor, ME

Can't Give 'em Away

I've had only one call on my offer of a free boat that appeared in the classifieds in the September issues. The caller was an hour away and couldn't come to see it so he said a man who lives here in town would come by for him, but he never showed up. I guess it's hard to give boats away, but people who already have boats and are enthused aren't reluctant to have them worked on so we're swamped with work. I guess this beats the alternative.

When I was a kid I would have bugged my parents to drive me hours and hours if a free boat was offered, but kids today now seem to be different. I know the Antique & Classic Boat Society is very worried that their membership will decline as it ages, and maybe they are right.

Since I cannot lower the price any further (a time honored practice), I've added another in a new ad in this issue.

Boyd Mefferd, Boyd's Boats, Canton, CT

Showing Off Lake George

I have a home on Lake George in New York's Adirondacks where I keep four canoes, one sailboat, and one Sunfish for showing off our part of the lake.

David Knight, Stratford, CT

Information of Interest...

Accelerating Your Skills

I am presently enrolled in the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding here in Port Hadlock, Washington, and am enjoying every minute of it. It is probably quite appro-

priate that the staff starts us newbies out in basic shop class focused on hand tools and basic machines since I've learned a great deal in this first week. Our instructors seem to have the patience of Job even after decades in the field.

If any readers are interested in accelerating their skills in a most congenial atmosphere, this is one place to do it, no doubt about it. It is a lift every time I walk into the shop.

Pete Leenhouts, Port Hadlock, WA

Pusher Sail Rig

Some years ago a request was made in *MAIB* by a reader looking for plans for a pusher sail for a small boat. I knew at that time that I had seen such a plan not that long previous to the request, but I was unable to find it in past issues of magazines I usually read, and no response appeared in *MAIB*. A reprise of the article I had seen appeared again in the October/November 2005 issue of *Mother Earth News*, Issue No. 212, page 10 and pages 111 through 115, so I thought I would send along mention of it in case there is still interest. The "Build this Boat" article shows a picture of the boat being propelled by a pusher sail, but details of construction for the sail accessory only appear in a set of plans for the boat, for sale by the magazine, item #770, \$10. Details at <http://www.motherearthshopping.com>, and search under "plywood rowboat."

Sam Overman, Dahlgren, VA

Polynesian Canoes

I noticed that recently *MAIB* has finally begun to include some articles on Polynesian canoes. In the last issue I was delighted to see something on the Maui International Canoe Festival.

The author of this short article incorrectly stated that Polynesians (must be referring to Hawaii) stopped using sailing canoes after the islands were settled. Not so. The were used for trade voyages to the Society Islands up until European contact, and for inter island use in the Hawaii chain until about the 1820s when the Polynesian culture disintegrated under the hands of missionaries, but has been revived in the 1960s and '70s.

Robb White's son's Micronesian proa would benefit from the use of an oceanic type crab-claw sail. In the article he was having problems with the spar deforming when the wind piped up. If he tried this species of bamboo called "iron bamboo" (a tropical species that is fairly solid when ripe) he would have a spar that could handle higher winds. In using the "jackleg" type of polytarp sail material, he would benefit also from trying the Polynesian method of attaching it to the spars instead of the use of duct-tape or grommets.

This material is similar in strength to fala (pandanus leaf) matting and, if treated in the same way in building the sail, would hold up marvelously and brown polytarp looks very similar to the Polynesian, Micronesian, and Melanesian sail material (fala, hala, or

fara in various Polynesian dialects, referring to the pandanus plant itself).

The Polynesian method of securing the sail material to the spars involves running a bolt rope (1/8" nylon or dacron works well with polytarp) inside the folded-over edge of the polytarp material (one can use a hot glue gun to glue in this rope) and a second bolt rope along the outside, joined to it at a 4"-6" interval with wrappings of fine line (#6 rayon works well). Through this one spirals another rope around the spar and through the outer bolt rope of the sail. He should try this method as it disperses the loads evenly. A crab-claw sail also lowers the strain on the spars due to its shape. Best if the bamboo spars have a bit of a curve to them and one must cut the sails flat with little, if any, belly to them (this is opposite to the conventional sail). This encourages the formation of a powerful vortex which increases the aerodynamic power of the sail and enables a fairly small sail to have incredible power for its size.

A glue gun's hot tip can be used to melt the holes in the folded edge behind the inner bolt rope to accommodate the fine string to attach the outer bolt. This melts the material and forms its own grommet of sorts which lowers the strain on the material. You can stain the color of the rope and string in wood stain before using it and achieve the color of coconut fibre rope, and it looks pretty authentic like an old Polynesian canoe.

My sails on my small outrigger (it has two of them) have been used heavily for the last two years, sailing a couple times a week from late March until November, and one of them also gets used occasionally with a sled on ice during winter when conditions are favorable for that, and they show no signs of wear. I probably spent \$5 on the sail material.

See photos of this boat and others on <http://www.taimaui.org> and <http://www.taimaui.org/new>. Also in the new part of the site has been added a link to the Maui Canoe Festival.

Rus Stewart, Wellsville, OH

Opinions...

New Orleans

You know with this terrible Katrina, I can't help thinking about New Orleans. You can say what you want to about all the looters and wretchedness, but that's the only city I ever liked. I have been to Paris, and New York, too... Pittsburgh, Chicago and Milwaukee, Wisconsin... a bunch of cities... Texarkana, both the Arkansas side and the Texas side. I used to drive a truck all over the eastern half of the country. My father lived in L.A. and I visited him every summer when I was young. I wasn't always such a misanthrope as I am now but I have never been all that crazy about cities.

I haven't been to Atlanta since Jane's brother got married and he is a grandfather many times over now. I hold the Guinness book record for not going to Tallahassee and it is only about 30 miles south of the shop (smack dab in the middle of the road to the coast) and they think they are Mr. Stuff up here in these woods with their South Florida attitude and these aggressive drivers and all. To hell with cities. They are all too cosmopolitan to suit my narrow definition of what's acceptable.

The first time I ever saw New Orleans was when we went to get the old 128 (that's a petroleum barge 128,000 barrels) from over across the river in Houma where we took it and left it when it needed a little bit of steel welded over the places where big scabs of rust had been knocked off in the rough service of supplying the hedonistic tendencies of Floridians by hauling gas and Diesel fuel to the little tank farm at Yankeetown about halfway down the peninsula. We usually hauled out of the enormous refinery at Pascagoula.

I am going, at this point, to tell you a deep, dark secret. Despite assurances of the Fair Trade Commission, all that gas is made by people in cahoots. The gas we hauled went to every brand imaginable. Amoco, with "Techtron" bought by quality conscious consumers, came out of a rusty assed junkpile barge belonging to a little jackleg outfit whose only qualification was that they had the desperate ability to cross the Gulf of Mexico in perfect reliability year round... in any weather... and so did "Oil Well Co." gas and Phillips 66. "Pure?" Don't be easily sucked in, y'all.

Anyway, we pushed or towed two barges when they were both seaworthy and we had left our other old barge, the 172, at this place called "Fleet" on the west side of Mobile Bay where there was a bayou with many barges moored and rafted up for various reasons and had run up the intracoastal, light boat (no tow) to lock through the river and into the canals on the west side to go get the old 128. The way you do that from Mobile Bay is to go into the narrow channel between Dauphin Island and the mainland of Alabama and then into Mississippi Sound and pass inside those barrier islands like Horn Island and Petit Bois in what I believe is some of the choppiest water in the world.

The east side entrance to New Orleans is what they call "Industrial Canal" which is a mamade ditch through the marsh south of Lake Ponchartrain to the Mississippi at Industrial Lock. The approach to the lock is a nasty looking place and the lock itself is a pain in the ass. The operators are insolent and rude and there is usually something boogered up. We hung a line on some derelict structure in Industrial Canal for a long time waiting to lock into that big swift river. It was dark night before our locking time came. I don't remember the locking except that I had a strong urge to climb up and stomp the pluperfect crap out of the smart assed line handler up there, but I do remember coming into the river and will never forget it.

When the lock doors opened we swam out of the nastiness of the canal and the high, slimy sides of the dark and gloomy lock into the brilliance of downtown New Orleans. It was the most amazing transformation of vision I have ever seen in my life. Old Sam Rutherford, who was second engineer on the old *J.R. Ferguson*, said, "You ever seen so many hundred watt bulbs in your life?" The current instantly swept the boat downriver. Me and Sam were in the wheelhouse and Capt. Ira was cautiously crabbing sideways to ease on downriver to where the west lock was when this newly painted New Orleans fresh water tug came down on us.

Instantly the radio came out with "What's up cap... you can't come up? How much horsepower you got on that old rusty boat, anyway?" Ira ignored it and just kept on doing like he intended to do as was his

nature. Sam grabbed me and dragged me outside to say, "Goddamn, man, if Captain George was on here we would blow the doors off that coon ass with these two 99 Cats... hell, man that's 2,000 horsepower. You hear them little 12/71s? These engines in this boat is MY engines... Goddammit, Ira." I couldn't pay attention to that because I was looking at the city. I have been back a bunch of times. I even swam the river to the Super Dome to see King Tut. New Orleans is another thing entirely. I don't think Katrina killed it either.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

This Magazine...

A Lot of Good Writing

The eagerly awaited September 1st issue arrived with the pictures of the mystery boat ("You write to us about..."). To say "eagerly awaited" is a bit superfluous, every issue is awaited in like anticipation. There is a lot of good writing in every issue as well as writing which appeals to me as forcefully expressive.

Robb White's thoughts on teaching celestial navigation especially, since it came at just the right time. I was trying to put down on paper a sort of family history for my two adult kids. They probably don't give a damn but if I don't do it no one else will. I was harking back to what my father had to struggle with in learning celestial on the Mass-State Training Ship *Enterprise* and my getting it under my belt in two Naval ROTC units starting in 1941 when I came up here to college. For some reason no instructor ever thought of basic ideas like pointing out the obvious as "Your latitude is the altitude of Polaris with a few corrections," or "Get it at local apparent noon the same way with a few more corrections," and "Longitude is time and the index is in Greenwich."

I enjoy "Beyond the Horizon," it must be a labor of love for the compiler. The "Constant Waterman," the "Window on the Water" series, I could go on at length.

There is one discordant note in my memory. In the April 15, 2005, issue, Page 19, middle column, 2" down, Paul Schwartz, in his article "Getting It Right," refers to "gronicles." I thought I had a good nautical vocabulary but I am totally mystified by this one.

Your reprint of your 1984 report on Platt Monfort struck a memory or two. I was a "Brother" of the NY Table of the Brotherhood of the Coast and he came to a few of the dinners which formerly were held in restaurants of opportunity. This was at the time when he was promoting Git Rot and I believe he later bought Capt. H.S. "Skipper" Smith's *Gitana*. Space and my level of typing skill does not permit kudos for all the wonderful people I've known through boats and boatyards.

Neal E. Small, Brooklyn, NY

Huck Finn Rediscovered

I finally figured it out. Huck Finn's raft must have floated all the way from the Mississippi over to Florida where he found a nice island. To evade PhD candidates and literary critics hounding him for interviews, he re-named himself Robb White.

I would be grateful, Mr. Hicks, if ever you should decide the time has come, you

would ask Mr. White to take over. Though no time soon, please.

John B. Yellott Jr., Charlottesville VA

Don't Get Out Much, But...

I love your magazine. I don't get out on the water much anymore but enjoy every issue.

Ed Greene, Duxbury, MA

Back Issue Stock Growing Short

I have recently filled several orders for all available back issues still in stock and note that we are finally reaching the end of the stock of many older issues. The most recent shipment totalled 315 issues out of 540 published to date and it brought the inventory down to just one or two of many issues pre-1995. None of the 1983-1984 issues are left. If you have had any thought about acquiring a set of available back issues, better act soon as one or two more orders will reduce the supply to mostly post 1995 issues. Back issues are \$2 each in small numbers, \$1 each for an entire lot (plus shipping).

Bob Hicks, Publisher, *Messing About in Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943, (978) 774-0906

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We had a "red tide" after all the rain from Hurricane Dennis. I expected it. A red tide is when something happens that causes what they call an "algal bloom," which means that so much sewage and other kinds of fertilizer wash off the land into the ocean that some species of algae thrive beyond what is normal and the population gets so high that the results of its metabolism kills off animals. Red tides have always happened around here but are getting more and more common due to increased nutrients in the water (I guess).

You know down at the single cell level, particularly in marine organisms, the plant/animal line of demarcation gets sort of indistinct. There are plants that swim around and animals that make their own oxygen from sunlight and it takes a lot of pedant work to draw the line. Me, I don't fool with all that. I work it like I do with people... take them one at a time. The "culprit" of the Florida red tide is a little dinoflagellate. I wrote his name down in one of my old log books and, though I shuffled through them for two hours, I'll be damned if I can find that obscure notation. They probably changed the name since then anyway.

I started keeping log books when I was a little boy. My hero was this old bird ornithologist named Herbert Stoddard. He wasn't just a bird watcher, he was a universal what they called a "naturalist" back in the olden days. He knew everything about the world and I thought he was wonderful. He had a little polished leather book that he kept in his shirt pocket all the time. The reason it was polished was that he took it out and wrote down not only every bird he saw but every change in the wind, every insect, every twitch of any squirrel tail, every oak gall, the barometric pressure... everything... and the continual friction of the leather against the cloth of his shirt pocket brought the former to a high state of shine... somewhat like the toe of the shoe of a jarhead.

Inside this little leather cover was a regular 3"x5" ring topped notebook that looked like it came from the dime store. He had a little pencil in there, too, which he sharpened with a very large and extremely sharp pocket knife to a needle point and he wrote in tiny letters so neat that it was astonishing. The whole thing was most admirable and I tried to emulate that in my boyish way but my methods had not been perfected quite yet. My dime store notebooks soon became wet from sweat and though my pocket knife was sharp, my octagonal tapering skills were, as yet, imperfect. Which, as an aside, that's how I judge a man's ability to work wood... watch him sharpen a pencil with a knife... his knife. I wonder if Norm can sharpen a new Yankee pencil with a "routah?"

Anyway, I finally found out that the little notebook was not dime store quality but was a special waterproof item and the pencil was not a #2 but was drafting lead hard. Even after I got myself properly equipped I was still not able to do as well because my handwriting is pitiful and I am dyslexic and a drafting pencil doesn't erase off of wet waterproof paper worth a toot, but I have kept a sloppy log for many years. Of course, I can't afford little "Rite-in-the-Rain" books so I have to use what I find on the closeout shelf at the Dollar Store (equivalent to the dime stores of my youth) so my logs are a conglomeration of a hodge podge like my mechanic tools.

Red Tide Old Log Books And New Orleans

By Robb White

Ain't nothing wrong with that. I mean, what's the point to having matching wrenches? If your 7/16" looks exactly like your 12mm it makes you waste time sliding on your back in the gritty dirt trying to get the universal joint yoke a-dammit-loose. I thought the name of that little dinoflagellate was in my Harry Potter notebook but I don't guess so... might be in my Hibiscus flower notebook but I ain't going to look for it anymore. I get too engrossed in ancient and obsolete information. I just read the fuel consumption figures for the old Take Apart skiff during a trip to Andros as a dinghy behind the old Morgan. It had an 8hp Nissan (made by Tohatsu and now also called a Mercury) two cycle. Boy, it burned a world of gas down there.

All that, like the scientific name of the dinoflagellate that caused the ruinous red tide of '93, is neither here nor there but just decoration sort of like the hibiscus flower on my Dollar Store notebook. I was going to explain red tide to you. When this dinoflagellate, which is always present in the plankton of Gulf waters, smelled the exact combination it needed to thrive out of control, thrive it did. In a week after the flood the water was so full of the little plant/animals that evaporation from the surface carried enough of their substance to irritate the respiratory systems of the people down at the coast and fish and other organisms in the water began to be poisoned by the products of the metabolism of these single celled...?

I got to get this plant/animal crap straightened out so that I may revert to a sensible way of referring to them. Dinoflagellates are real peculiar little things. Though they are one-celled like an amoeba or a bacterium, they appear to be a big deal creature. They are sort of egg shaped and have a spiral groove wrapping around their whole body. In that groove is a strand of muscle like stuff called a "flagella" which is about the same thing as a bundle of the same molecules that can contract and expand by chemical means and move a bunch of cells that form a muscle.

This thing is just the chemical fibers, though, and its movement is similar to what happens when you pull one strand of a knitted sock. It bunches up the other fibers and the only way to straighten it out is to pull somewhere else. The net movement of the flagella is just a wiggle in its groove which makes the cell spiral. At the place where this flagella is attached there is another filament just like it except that it resides in a longitudinal groove and its wiggle creates a forward motion so the little animal/plant swims forward as it spirals around and around. Maybe it does that so the sun can shine on all sides so it can photosynthesize like a plant. I don't know.

The trouble with it is that it metabolizes like an animal. It consumes oxygen and makes waste products that are toxic to other animals, unlike a plant which makes pure oxygen and water as its waste products. In the natural system those two kingdoms sort

of complement each other. We animals need the products of those plants and, though they can do perfectly well without us animals, they do real well with our help... hence agriculture, golf courses, mown lawns, and hog parlors.

In the olden days, back before people began to run amok because they couldn't do what comes naturally anymore because of the pressing need for hedonistic abstractions of all sorts, primitive agriculture was relatively benign. Folks raised what they needed to live the good life and sat on the porch of an evening and shelled ladyfinger peas and butter beans. Late model life has changed all that. Now it takes 200 bushel to the acre corn to break even. To do that requires so much fertilizer and diesel fuel and chemicals and money that the result of their agribusiness (!) is a profit of a dime an acre so they have to fertilize a lot of land to feed the SUV and run the pool pump and keep Chuck E. Cheese happy.

Of an evening most modern people play video games and watch TV and of a weekend, they play golf and mow the lawn. Their butterbeans come frozen out of a plastic bag and they ain't ever seen a ladyfinger pea. All would be good except that the results of all this excess is an excess of fertilizer to rinse out of the field and golf course and lawn when a hurricane brings a flood of rain. The fertilizer (along with the manure from the sewage lagoon (!) at the hog parlor) washes down the river into the bay and causes a bloom of algae of all kinds, including those dinoflagellates whose waste products are toxic to fish and certain select other organisms, both plants and animals.

Dinoflagellates would be the perfect primitive animal swimming along in a spiral path through the water by virtue of alternate rhythmic contractions of the molecules of its flagellae except for one thing... they have chlorophyll like the leaves of a plant. The populations of most animals in the ocean's plankton are maintained in check by oxygen. If they get too thick they use up too much oxygen and have to die back and an equilibrium wobbles back into balance. It works in a similar way with plant plankton. If they get too thick they shade out the light and have to die back to clear the water and that equilibrium straightens back out. Because of their plant/animal metabolism capability these dinoflagellates can make their own oxygen if they can get enough light and if they can't they don't need it so there is no easy equilibrium. In the presence of fertilizer they get thick enough to kill not only animals but plants with their toxic waste.

After the great March Storm of '93 there was a dinoflagellate bloom that killed every hardhead catfish in Apalachee Bay. Not only that but the toxicity killed lots of species of filter feeders (animals that make a living filtering plankton out of the water... clams are filter feeders). Sand fleas (mole crabs) disappeared from the seaside and all the filter feeding worms of the bayside died. There was considerable mortality of other creatures, too. The near shore turtle grass beds were damaged by the shade from the soupy water and even to this day some of the old equilibriums have not leveled out. Hardhead catfish (the males raise the babies in their mouths and almost starve to death in the process) have come back and sand fleas, but those tube worms which make a sand and trash tube that looks like a child's notion of a

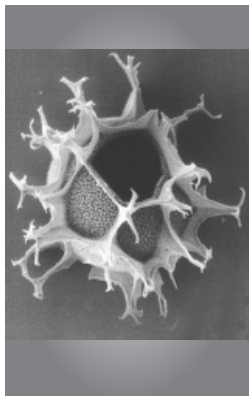
periscope are just now, 12 years later, beginning to be common on the flats again. It was a real big deal around here.

So when Jane and I came easing across after that awful Katrina to see what had happened to Dog's Island, we were horrified to see dead mullet and other fish littering the bayside beach. We set out the Bahama moor and trotted to the sea side and it was even worse. There were dead and bloated fish from offshore all in the weed line from where Katrina's storm surge (maybe 4') had left them. We saw sharks, groupers (one at least 20lbs), Key West grunts, puff fish, triggerfish, porgies, and even remoras. I hurried down to the water's edge to look for sand fleas and they were alright. So were the crabs. I guess it was a red tide but it might have been oxygen deprivation.

You know there is a "dead zone" in the summertime down around the Mississippi delta. In a bad year in August and September there is almost 5,000 square miles of ocean that is so anoxic that no animals live there. It is caused (NOAA says) by excess nutrients and organic material coming out of the Mississippi. What happens (they say) is that so much stuff accumulates on the bottom that its decomposition uses up all the oxygen in the water. Maybe all that rain (some 18" on the average) from Hurricane Dennis did that same thing with the Apalachicola and Ochlocknee rivers. Any fish or other oxygen-breathing animal that was caught out of swimming range of water with oxygen in it died. That accounts for the multi species nature of this kill. The poisonous excrement of specific plankton is toxic to specific animals like that dinoflagellate was to catfish but oxygen starvation hits everybody.

There were no dead bluefish or Spanish mackerel in the weed line on Dog Island and they had been plentiful last week. I think they were able to leave in time. There were no corporate executives in the Super Dome, either. New Orleans might very well have been the poorest sizeable city in this country. People there live in a more primitive situation than in most urban areas. It is hard for working people to get ahead down there with Old Man River. I heard one man sitting on the I10 overpass right downtown say, "Man, I just live from paycheck to paycheck. I don't have the money to rent a car."

I don't think there is anything wrong with that and it is a good thing I feel like that because that's how I have lived my whole life. I don't think it is necessary for somebody to mow five acres of grass and play 18 holes of golf and drive the SUV and talk on the phone all the time to be somebody. It is tough sometimes, but it is OK. A lot of those check-to-check people are going to die from this, though, but I guess that's the way it is. I think a lot of them will not die and New Orleans will resume where it left off. What I want to know out of this horrible story is what the Army Corps of Engineers is going to do with all that toxic water their failed structures let into the city?



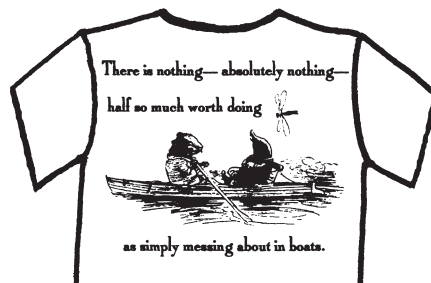
Key West Grunts

That's a wonderful fish. They get to be maybe 2lbs and used to be so common offshore that anybody with a capable boat could go out there and get all he wanted. Because of that, certain unscrupulous charter boat people took to lying to ignorant patrons and (though when caught these fish grunt louder than any Duroc hog) calling them "snappers." A Key West grunt looks a lot like a snapper. They have big mouths and insolent expressions on their faces like most snappers (look a Cubera snapper in the face sometime). They also have big scales and are colored a little like a mangrove snapper but they are grunts. Grits and grunts used to be an alternate staple of the diet of people down at the coast... alternate to grits and mullets.

The most amazing thing about Key West grunts ("Yankee snappers") is that the color of the inside of their mouths is a very bright vermilion orange. They come up on the hook out of the clear water with their

mouths open, too. It is a sight to see. Grunts are very good eating. They have big bones and not too many of them and they scale easy. The skin is thin so it doesn't shrivel and curl up the fillets too bad in the pan, either. But the best thing is that most offshore fishermen pass them up along with triggerfish, which are another real good eating fish. These hotshots are after big game like groupers and amberjacks which are OK but nowhere near as good as a grunt or a triggerfish.

Anyway, there are plenty of grunts offshore and you don't have to go out any further than it takes to get to the blue water. The grunt zone begins about exactly when you get out of sight of land. We used to go out there all the time in a little sailboat... cleaned the grunts on the seat on the way back and threw the heads and guts to the sharks that followed us back in with the sea breeze. It was wonderful. I hope they didn't all get killed by this red tide. I may have to ease out there for old times sake in the Rescue Minor. It has been a long time since I saw the blue water and the spotted porpoise. I sure did see a lot of Key West grunts, though. Dang.



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On December 16, 1874 I, Charles R. Brown, and my shop mate, Benjamin T. Owen, left Providence by the half past ten train en route for Florida by way of Boston and Savannah. Our luggage consisted of a trunk belonging to Ben and a large black box belonging to me. In it were our cooking utensils, our hunting gear, as well as some carpenter's tools which we expected to use in building a boat.

On arriving at Boston we had dinner, then went down to T. Wharf from which the boat was to leave. We waited there until our baggage arrived, then purchased our tickets and went on board. She was a propeller of about eleven hundred tons burden, her name was *Carroll*, and we hoped that she will carroll joyfully. But the opposite was the case. What little load she had consisted mostly of rolls of cotton bogging cloth, onions, and furniture.

We left Boston at four o'clock, an hour later than advertised to do, and we glided slowly out of the harbor. I saw a seal on the way out. It sported round a little while and then disappeared. The sun is past setting beyond the bleak looking hills to the west. At five we began to pitch and we became sick and could eat no supper. Next morning we were for an hour or so, we were then sailing through Vineyard Haven, or Holmes Hole as it is sometimes called. We ate a little breakfast but heaved it up, we then went to bed and stayed there until Saturday morning during which time I could keep nothing down.

Saturday morning, however, we went outside and stayed there all day. We did well at the table for the first time, at about nine o'clock we saw a little spot of land in the horizon, an hour later and Cape Hateras lighthouse was in sight. It appeared white in the sunlight. It is built of iron. The land surrounding it is a sandy desert. We sailed in sight of it some six hours or more. The sea was very smooth, hardly perceptible in the motion of the vessel. We spent most of the day on the deck with the other passengers. In the afternoon the sailors harpooned a porpoise off the bows of the steamer. It was about seven feet long. Others were to be seen swimming and crossing over each other at the bow.

At dark we were in sight of Cape Lookout light, the moon shone brightly and we had a pleasant evening. At about nine it began to get foggy, we went to bed and fell asleep. At about three in the morning we woke up, the air was hot and oppressive and the vessel was pitching and rolling terribly. We opened the window and let in the fresh air. At times it would rain in torrents. The storm grew more fierce and we became sick again, throwing up all we had eaten Saturday.

It soon became necessary to brace ourselves in the berth to avoid pitching out. At noon it is still blowing. The table was set the same as in calms but could not be kept so, the dishes kept up a continual rattle. At times the bow of the boat would raise full twenty-five feet and roll terribly. The wind blew the water from the top of the wave to another and had the appearance of driving sleet. We barely made a mile an hour for several hours, the boat at this time was in the Gulf Stream and about the place where the *Evening Star* went down some seven years ago and all on board.

Monday the 21st. The day is pleasant and all the passengers are out. The air is soft and balmy. At seven in the evening we have passed the lightship and expect to anchor inside of the bar in a few hours. Ben did

Trip to Florida And Back From Providence Rhode Island

About This Tale

Reader Donald Jordan of Glastonbury, Connecticut, sent along this manuscript with the following commentary: "Some time ago an old sailing buddy gave me a copy of a messabout story that his great uncle had written in 1874. Although it is a great story it needs editing which I am incapable of handling."

Well, I agreed it is a great story but did not concur with him that it needed editing. I am serializing it verbatim in the vernacular, sentence structure, and grammar (or lack thereof) of the man who lived the experience 130 years ago.

The Diary of Charles Henry Brown 1854-1892, who was the father of Wendell S. Brown. As Wendell S. Brown's daughter, Constance Brown Lovell, now in New Hampshire, I have the unchanged box of Charles Henry Brown that he used as a trunk and bed. It is 16" high, 16" wide, and only 45" long! I also have his original diary and his original sketches.

Trip started on December 16, 1874, lasted for nine weeks into February 1875. He was 20 years old and worked making monuments of marble and granite. There was a depression, along with difficult work for winter months. He went with his shop mate, Benjamin T. Owen, to save money. Note how much he is aware of building materials.

some writing in a *Harpers Magazine* belonging to the lady passengers, during which time there was considerable joking. At nine we were at anchor close by Tybee Island, about nineteen miles from Savannah. In entering southern ports there is a bar to be crossed. There are two lighthouses on Tybee Island and the channel at the bar is in a range of these lights, the next morning the boat started early and we touched the wharf at half past eight.

(At this point a page is missing from the original diary so we must move on wondering a bit what it might have contained.)

In another a monument to General Greene, also of marble, about 35' high and without inscription whatever. In others were mounds of stones or shells which were covered with beautiful ivy. Many of the yards to private dwellings are surrounded with a high brick wall on the top of which are cemented broken glass bottles which makes it dangerous to scale.

We had our trunks brought out to the Bresnan House on Bryon Street close to the market which place we visited after leaving our trunks at the hotel. The building is of brick and built in 1872.

Most of the poultry is kept alive. The hogs were small and poor, built for running fast, there were fine fish and vegetables. I spent most of the evening writing a letter to John. It was tedious work for my head was unsettled and my body still had that swinging motion of the vessel.

The next morning we visited the market and a lively place it was. Leaving it we went to the park. From there strolled about the city, there were plenty of gun shops. Powder and shot were cheaper than at home, board one dollar a day at private places, wages very little more, and business very dull. The marble shops looked deserted, in some yards were orange trees with nice looking fruit upon them. Negroes could be seen peddling both oysters and fish, carrying them in common butter tubs or large trays upon their heads and calling loudly. There were also some queer looking teams, being composed of a couple of old wheels and the rest being made of round sticks nailed together in the most approved manner, into which were yoked a bull, steer or cow, as their means will allow. Mules are used mostly there, and upon drays where a span is used, there are three thills.

In the afternoon we had our trunks carried to the Gulf Railroad Depot. There were a great number of Negroes, most of them having trunks, going to a camp meeting not far from Tallahassee. They have separate cars from the whites. At four the train started. The land through which we passed was generally level, the soil looked sandy and poor, most of the woods are hard pine from which they get pitch and separate it into turpentine and resin. Very little of the land was under cultivation. The houses are small and a few painted. Some of the Negro houses, or shanties as they should be called, had nothing but wooden shutters to cover the holes left for windows.

Most of the pitch gatherers have log houses set on posts set in the ground as are all the houses in the country, there being nothing to build cellars of and no use for them if they had. The roofs of the cabins are made of pieces split from logs, the chimneys are made of sticks locked and packed together, cob house fashion, and filled and covered on the inside with clay mixed with sand which soon becomes hard and lasts a long time.

The manner of getting the pitch from the trees is about the same as in getting the sap from the maple, only that they gather it every three months using a small hoe.

A great many of the stations at which we stopped were numbered, and at some not a shanty to be seen. At two places there were small hotels at which we stopped from thirty to fifty minutes. They made one stop switching of the excursionists at Dupont seventy minutes. At Liveoak, change for Tallahassee and at Baldwin, change for Fernandina and Cedar Keys, no stops were made of less than ten minutes. Everybody took their time, nothing done in a hurry. At most of the stations there was a fire of pitch pine which lit up the place around which there generally stood a half dozen or more Negro boys. Some bare footed and about bare backed, some came on the train selling hot coffee at ten cents a cup, boiled eggs ten cents apiece, and oranges three for ten cents.

I slept some of the night and had a very pleasant ride ending our journey of two hundred and sixty three miles at half past nine, from there we went to the St. Johns Hotel in Jacksonville, had our dinner, and then went down to the first sawmill and bargained for some rough hard pine boards at a cent foot, also picked a place to build a boat.

We then went back to the hotel, got our tools, and went to the mill and proceeded to build. The lumber was heavy and was hard work. But we succeeded in getting the sides,

stern, and a bottom board together by sunset. After supper we took a stroll through the place. Pigs run loose in the streets, the same as in Savannah.

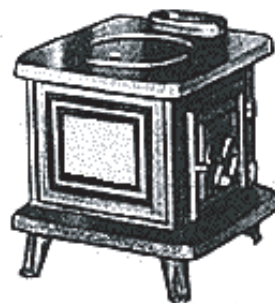
The business street is Bay Street which runs parallel with the river, on which are some good buildings and a large hotel. The post office is upon this street, it is unpaved as are all in the place, and they are very sandy, the market is of wood and extends from Bay Street down to the water a distance of forty or fifty yards. There are about twelve thousand inhabitants in the place, more than half of them being colored. There are four saw and planing mills, their logs are floated down the river and put in large pens, there is an endless chain passing out of one end of the mill to carry off the slabs and odd pieces to a fire some distance from the mill, there being very near enough sawdust enough to keep steam up, there are two small

ship yards having one railway. There is one marble shop in the place, the only one in Florida, employing two men. The owner is also an undertaker, many of the mechanics are Negroes.

It is Christmas Eve, boys are firing powder. Crackers and cannons are heard at intervals, the evening is beautiful, the sky is clear, the moon shines brightly, the air warm and balmy, roses are in blossom which look and smell beautiful and yet it is the twenty fourth of December. We spent a short time listening to a minstrel band which played on the balcony leading off their hall, after which we went to the hotel, spent a little time in writing, and went to bed. Cannons were fired all night long and I slept but little. It seemed to me like the Fourth of July night and it was kept up until late in the morning.

(To Be Continued)

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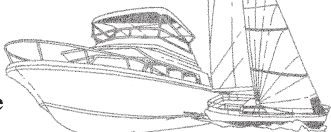
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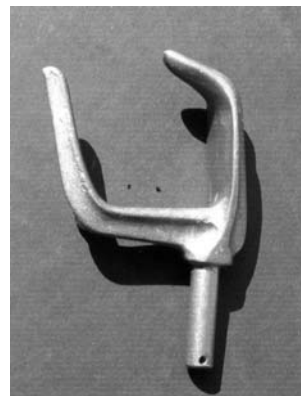
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Generally I've noticed that the longer one lives in a marina, the less one sails. It becomes harder to get ready for sea, all the plates and cutlery stowed securely, the computer and television fixed in place, potted plants moved out of the cockpit, shore power and telephone lines disconnected, etc. etc. After the novelty of living in a splendid setting and a certain devil-may-care attitude begins to pale, a floating home can seem to combine the disadvantages of both an RV and a generic house in the suburbs. In spite of the cheap rent, lack of garden upkeep, and so forth, swallowing the anchor seems, for many, the way ahead.

For about ten years I lived and worked in England, commuting annually to spend summers living on my boat in Eagle Harbor, Washington. It seemed to combine the best of both worlds. I recall my house in Liverpool with great fondness, but in spite of its imposing Victorian entrance and conservatory, beautiful garden, and large rooms, each with a fireplace and 10' ceilings, there was something that I always looked forward to about living in my boat. The contrast was clear and striking.

During these years and not long before taking early retirement, I considered buying a larger boat and moving aboard permanently. I also began to muse about a house, a sort of hybrid something that would combine the best of both worlds, of living on a boat and a more or less conventional house. Because I was going to have to build a cheap house, it would have to be small, like a boat very small, but conforming to the Uniform Building Code like a house.

Sometime during all this, I was married. Beth and I lived aboard our 29-footer and began to harden our notions about building a little house. We found a cheap lot, steep and wooded. The house rests on 10"x10" pressure treated wood posts set 5' into the sand and ringed at the bottom with 1' thick concrete "necklaces," quick to build and the least expensive foundation I could imagine. There was no "landscaping" as such. The ground slips by underneath as independent of our house as a boat is from the shifting tidal waters of Puget Sound, anchored, as it were, securely, in a good harbor.

The house is approached from a wooden ramp that leads through the woods to the front door. It lends a feeling similar to that we always get walking down the ramp to our boat at the marina.

The Ericson 29 has an overall length 3' longer than our house though the boat's beam is about half that of the house's. The roughly 128sf accommodation plan of a 29' racer-cruiser can sleep six in four berths, our house sleeps two in one double. I've never sailed with six people aboard the boat and cannot

From Boat to House

By Richard Alan Smith

imagine what that many people brushing teeth in the morning would feel like. But by that token, we would be able to fit about 42 berths into our 900sf, two-story house.

The accommodation plan of a sailing boat is in large part what is left over after a hull is shaped to the water. Its symmetry is more a matter of hydrodynamics than of Greek notions of beauty. On the other hand, a work of architecture has its feet firmly in the earth and has as much to do with history and tradition as with function, usually more. When a sailor builds a house, both traditions can be at play.

Boat space is utilized as economically as possible and we tried to do the same in our house. Furniture is built-in as in a boat and is apt to serve several functions at once. Berths double as settees and dining tables become chart tables or work platforms. Our window seat is a guest bed and wood storage bins slide out from underneath. We lift hatches to storage compartments between floor joists and stair treads. Getting rid of much of the "furniture" has resulted in a surprisingly spacious little house.

We have a minimum number of rooms and doors, as on a boat, and the feeling of always being in the same space is similar. Building architects know that if you can keep the corners of a rectangular plan in sight, the diagonal comes into play, exaggerating the apparent size of the space. We put that principle to work and brush our teeth as we do on the boat, wandering about, looking at the weather or the moon, checking e-mail.

Our bedroom uses the whole house. The berth is queen size and entered as if it were in the fo'c's'l, we crawl in as we do on the boat and feel the same snugness even though there is a lot more room for feet. We've each got shelves alongside our respective halves and our own bookshelves as on the boat. Using a duvet, we find it more convenient and easier to make up than a conventional bed.

The dining room is really an enlarged dinette of the sort found on many small cruisers. The table is very large, 4'x8', and the 8' long benches are built to the designs of Maurice Griffiths, the great British naval architect. This lends a definite, if limited, pedigree to our house. We use boat cushions to sit on and as back rests. The huge table is useful for many special purposes including canvass work and holding the Christmas tree.

The kitchen is contained within an 8'x8' space which is about 1/15th the size of the house (the boat galley is closer to 1/8th the cabin size) and is pretty much a one-person operation. There are no cabinets as such. Everything is kept in the open and arranged with an eye to form as well as function. It is small, a dishwasher is as out of place in our house as it is on the boat. We know where everything is and we clean up as things become used, as we do on the boat. In order to utilize space to the maximum, there is much stretching and bending in order to reach food and the various dinnerware, as on a boat. A large under-floor hatch lifts to provide access to outdoor ventilated storage for potatoes, apples, beer and the like.

The small windows and skylights function rather like the ports, hatches, and com-

panionway of a boat. In that sense we enjoy a similar connection to the outdoors. The double-cantilevered structural system means that the building extends out over the supporting posts, bringing the walls very close to the trunks of trees. Consequently, we can reach out of a living room window and touch the trunk of a 200' western red cedar, making it a virtual houseplant. Chickadees, towhees and tree creepers, squirrels and raccoons surround us here much as the seals and great blue heron do when we're at anchor off islands in the Sound.

The upper floor is simple, Cardeck, T&G 2"x6"s laid over beams. Sleeping and bath alcoves open on to a 16'x16' space that contains a 6' tall Victorian pond yacht. The model's gaff rig screens off an open clothes storage wall and gets decorated with lights run through the gaff rig at Christmas.

On the lower living room floor, 1"x12" pine shelving is rabbeted and laid shiplap fashion, underscored, glued, and screwed to joists and finished with cedar plugs. Six coats of varnish seal them, providing some of the luster and color of fine wood joinery that makes life on a small boat such a delight.

On a small boat one lives close to materials such as teak, brass, and stainless steel. The space is small and, therefore, the best materials can be used at relatively little cost. The same advantages apply to the small house builder. For instance the double-glazed opening windows of the house are out-swinging casement.

I like the clear opening they give and the act of swinging out rather than sliding back and forth. They are custom built of clear cedar and fitted with brass hardware. Being relatively few in number, like the ports in the boat, they were inexpensive.

We originally built two small 8'x8' decks, one on the upper and one on the lower floor. The east facing lower deck is used much as a cockpit when at anchor, for having meals, reading, bird watching, and generally enjoying our anchorage as weather allows. Since we used the upper floor deck very little, I enclosed it recently making it into a kind of pilot house/aerie/lookout that I use as a study. As in a pilothouse, the long window and skylight in the roof in my study signal the first sounds of rain and I know it when the wind pushes cedar and hemlock branches against the walls.

Using the house keeps us fit. The stair is as steep as the code allows and we go up and down it as readily as we pass up and down our companionway on the boat. The house is connected to the garage by a meandering walk of 100' or so through the woods. The car and pick-up, however, are kept outside. Half of the garage is Beth's studio and the other half is split between a workshop, the laundry, and storage. We walk through the garden many times during the day and night, rain or shine, excellent exercise and a good way to use the garden.

We sort of gunkhole our garden, noticing changes in the salal, huckleberry, and Oregon grape. The gravel paths feel and sound like Puget Sound beaches. We're away during much of our arid summer and cannot maintain a lawn and garden that require frequent watering and loving care, so we have learned to live among native plants. The house is surrounded by trees and complements the lightness of being and joy of movement in the sun that the boat provides. It all works very well.



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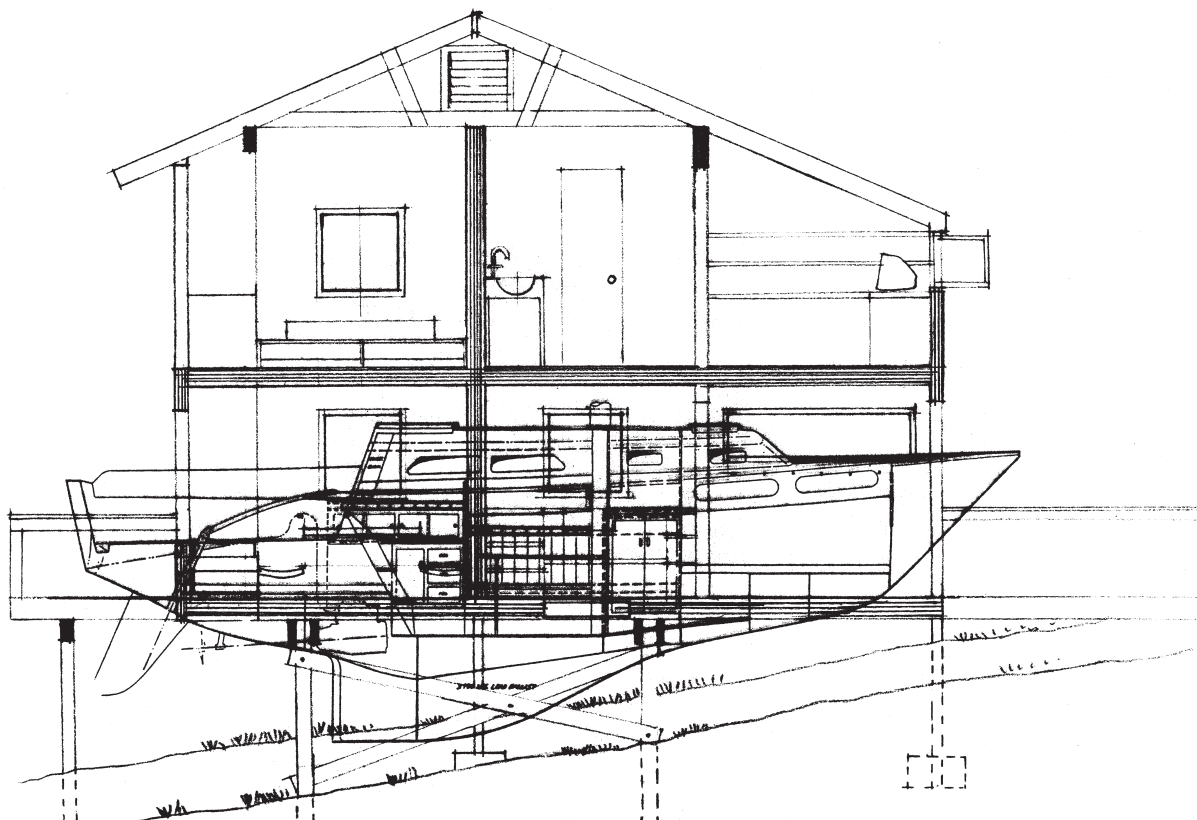
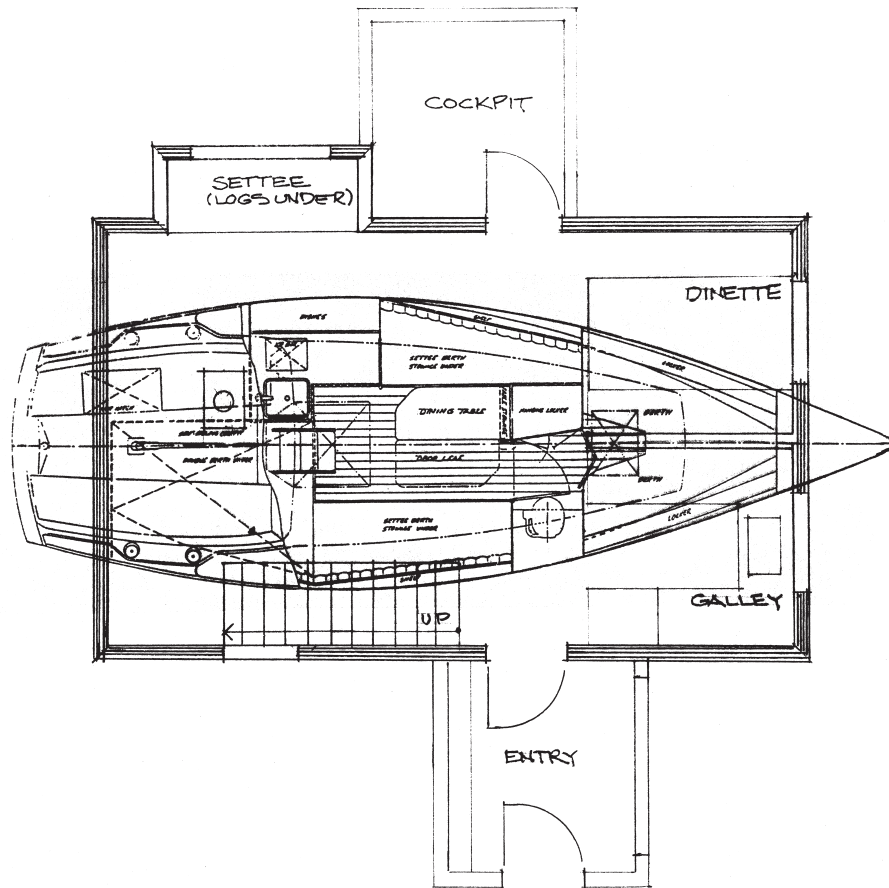
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Back in September of 1999 I decided to take my Bay Hen sailboat *Amenity* (then converted into a 5hp outboard powered boat) up the Delaware River from Wilmington, Delaware, to Trenton, New Jersey, for a round trip of about 90 nautical miles (at about 5kts). With the weather cooling a bit and a projected window of no rain for about a week, on Saturday October 1, 2005, I decided to repeat the 1999 trip six years later. The summer of 2005 was so hot and sticky that *Amenity* did not get much use.

The first leg of the 1999 trip was to the Rancocas Creek on the New Jersey shore, a bit north of Philadelphia. At that time I had to depart Wilmington early in the morning to catch the flood tide to get to the Rancocas Creek by nightfall. On this year's trip I could not depart Wilmington until after 10:00 so could only reach the much closer Raccoon Creek. After cruising down our small local stream (the Christina River) in order to enter into the Delaware River, I decided to stop near the Port of Wilmington for lunch at the Up the Creek marina. It was there that I met a fellow boater who told me, "you can't get into Raccoon Creek anymore since the bar across the mouth closed the creek."

I recalled that my nautical hero Tristan Jones once departed for a solo cruise around

Darn Near Shipwrecked!!!

By Bill Zeitler

the world. Early on the weather turned quite contrary for his course so he simply decided to go around the world the other way.

Now my plan to go up to Trenton also had to be quickly revised. I decided to go down the Delaware River instead of up and spend the night at an old familiar place, Augustine Beach, Delaware. This is a secluded anchorage behind Reedy Island which lays between the shipping channel of the Delaware River and Augustine Beach. This interesting anchorage is where the snowbirds from Canada (and U.S. sailors along the east U.S. coast) often anchor for the night after coming up Delaware Bay before entering C&D Canal (Chesapeake and Delaware Canal), making their way westward through the canal to Chesapeake Bay and then on southward to their wintering spots in the Caribbean.

When I arrived at Augustine Beach there were already about five or six Maple Leaf cruising sailboats at anchor for the

evening. I picked an anchorage spot for my relatively diminutive 21' *Amenity* and carefully set and checked my Danforth anchor in the soft mud bottom as I had done many times before. After a bit of canned dinner, with my hot coffee in my thermos ready for the next morning, I snuggled down in my mini-bunk to read my new library book about the 1905 volcanic eruption on the island of Martinique.

The sky was clear and starry. Except for the swaying anchor lights of the cruising yachts, it was pitch black. A strong onshore wind came up and the previously quiet anchorage became very choppy. The chop was so bad that a bit of my cabin's woodwork came loose. Then I became aware of the sound of surf! My mind questioned, "What could be causing the surf sound?" I raised myself out of my mini-bunk, stood up, and looked out into the inky black night.

I was astonished (to say the least) to see that I was broadside to the beach, almost aground. Lucky for me that when my anchor dragged the wind pushed me against the only 50' or so of sandy beach (the rest of the shoreline being rocky). You bet I had to think fast. I leaped out of the boat into a foot or so of cold water, grabbed the bow line, took a hold of the anchor sprit, wrested the boat so that the bow rested on the sand (with the stern sticking out in the water to protect the outboard engine prop and the non-kickup rudder).

Seeing that the prop was not buried in sand, I jumped back into the boat, started the engine, put it into reverse, jumped back in the water, pushed the boat's bow off the sand, and quickly did a bellyflop onto the bow deck as the boat slid slowly backwards into deeper water. I was off. I hoped correctly that the reverse thrust would not kick more sand under my flat bottomed hull.

Now what? I initially thought that perhaps my best course of action would be to circle round and round all night long in the darkness. But I never boat at night... worrying about tangling with crab pot floats, etc. I do have navigation lights and turned them on since I was now underway in the thick blackness. I could hardly see where I was going and soon was up against a dense patch of reeds, stuck again! At least here I could not pound as the water was about 3' deep, but I was now held fast by the swaying reeds. With the help of an old whitewater canoe paddle and a very high concentration of adrenaline in my bloodstream, I was able to extract myself from the grip of the reedy patch. I was off... again

Knowing that there was a boat ramp at Augustine Beach I very slowly and cautiously made for the ramp, remembering that the ramp area is surrounded by sharp rocks. By about midnight I had made it to the ramp and secured myself to its floating dock. With the help of a very substantial swig of coffee brandy I fell asleep for a few hours. Whew!

The next morning all was calm. The sunrise was beautiful pink and gold. I decided that the best thing to do was to cruise slowly back up the river, cell phone my wife that I was OK and that I would be home later that very day, several days early. I slowly motored at 3kts back up the Delaware River and up the Christina River to my takeout ramp. I was exceedingly happy to get *Amenity* back on her trailer safe and sound and essentially undamaged. I guess I'll try again another time to get to Trenton.



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Queen Mab Launched

By John Haddan

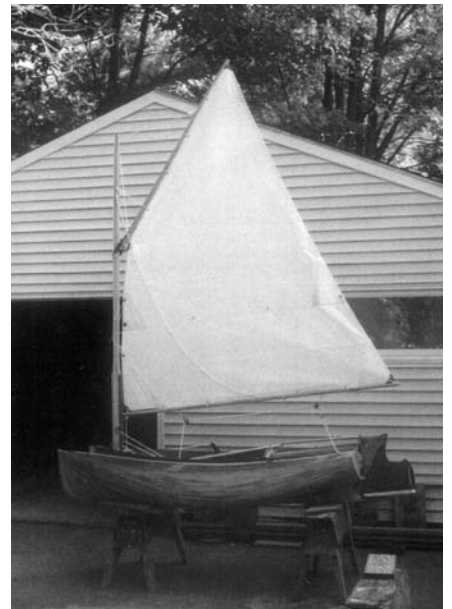
I launched my Queen Mab (see September 15 issue, Page 26) on September 13 at Georgetown, Maine. "In shape no bigger than an agate stone... her chariot is an empty hazelnut" (Queen Mab, Act I, Scene IV). It was foggy with a light breeze. Two days later in a strong breeze she proved very stable without reefing.

Acknowledgements: First, Phil Bolger, without whose support and confidence the project would have been impossible. Second, Platt Monfort, for his great help in the line of special projects. We miss him. Greene Marine next for fiberglass. Gambell & Hunter for the perfect fitting sail. Finally, the kind interest of Bob Hicks of this magazine.

Next year she will get a coat of white paint, linear polyurethane to protect the fiberglassing.



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Builder at sea on first voyage.

Son at sea.



Grandson on first time alone in a boat at sea.

Grandson in HIS boat.





The old Folbot and homemade rig.



Two kayaks and the canoe ready to go.

That's one handy trailer.



My Life with Kayaks

By Hans Scheuter

At age 14 I discovered my Dad's Klepper Model 1912 in the attic and assembled it often enough to get proficient. That was 1949 and my girlfriend and I hauled that boat either in a street car or on my motor cycle to Lake Zürich. Many a gawker was amazed how this boat would grow out of three bags and they'd watch the two happy teenagers paddle off together.

After emigrating to Toronto, Canada, it was flying that occupied my time and income, then it was marriage and children until 1965 when I saw an ad in the paper for a two-man Folbot for sale. The local salvage yard provided all the materials for a sail rig and a little book by Grey explained how to sew the sails from old bed sheets on the Singer portable. Leeboards and rudder came from the lumber yard and all that was fun enough, but then I started to yearn for a single kayak.

An article on the "Canvas Back" in *Mechanics Illustrated* and some advertisement for kayak kits from England provided the inspiration that I could probably build one from scratch. The British ad claimed many Channel crossings so I decided that 13' long and 27" beam would be about right. A fellow engineer offered a few planks of Sitka spruce in exchange for drafting work. Plywood, resorcinol glue, and aluminum tacks from the local hardware and untreated canvas out of the Sears catalog pretty much completed the material list.

I laid out the frame assembly using the principle of a batten bending from a fixed point and fitted the six frames within that shape, keeping front and rear of the boat symmetrical. The Sitka Spruce boards were sliced into X by 5/8" battens and a X by 2" keelson, while the plywood frames were cut out on the company bandsaw during lunch hour.

The assembly worked out quite well, gluing and screwing the battens to the frames. After intensive sanding and several coats of varnish, the canvas was stretched over the frame and tacked to the gunwales insides for the hull and outside for the deck. Sprayed-on water worked into the canvas with a GI brush shrunk that canvas beautifully and all the wrinkles disappeared. The bottom, up to the calculated water line, received a coat of polyester resin and the rest of the boat was sealed with plain oil paint. The tacks along the gunwales were covered with a varnished strip of X D trim.

On the appointed day in spring the boat slid into the Rio Grande River near Los Alamos and I gingerly climbed aboard. After the Klepper and the Folbot, this little 32lb jewel certainly was a joy to paddle! Our pre-teen boys quickly learned to handle the new toy, but mom was "afraid to get stuck in it if it turned over." After a while the Folbot was sold due to a move to Denver where I used the same materials, design technique, and building procedure to make a 16-footer designed to carry two paddlers. This boat was actually built in the basement after assembly of only keel, ends, center frame, and gunwales to make sure it would negotiate the stairs and out the front door.

On one fateful trip from Denver to Lake Navajo, both boats blew off the roof of our station wagon and tumbled end over end

across Interstate 25, over a barbed wire fence and into a cow pasture. Total damage, one 10" tear in the big boat, easily patched and proving that a canvas-on-frame boat is not necessarily a delicate thing.

By the time we left Colorado for south Texas we also had acquired a South Coast 22 sailboat and left the 16' kayak as a gift to a friend, who's wife was not at all understanding. She eventually issued a ultimatum, either the kayak goes or I do. He kept the boat, from what I heard.

The original Canvas Back was with us for 18 years, re-canvassed and modified several times, but prior to another move it sold for \$50. Not bad for a \$27 original investment! Now without a kayak I soon decided that that little canvas creation really could not be beat for cost and service and so I built another one, which I still have. A second 16-footer followed and we left that one with son

Peter in Florida, just to have a boat available there during infrequent visits. Now that Peter's wife has her own factory-built kayak he had planned to buy one for himself, but has decided that there was nothing wrong with Dad's old, super-sized Canvas Back and the two are happily paddling the waters around Melbourne, Florida.

My reluctant wife and I eventually signed up with an outfitter for a kayaking outing in the Bahamas. For the first two trips out there we got permission to take a Klepper that somebody had presented to us as a gift. Wife Marty was encouraged by other senior ladies to learn how to paddle a sit-on-top that would not render her uptight due to wet exit anxiety. After paddling happily around the Exumas with the other ladies of the group, she had fallen in love with her purple Prism made an offer to the outfitters, kept the boat and matching paddle, and still loves to hit the

water with it whenever compatible company can be found to go with.

That and yet a further canvas kayak, grandchild size, ride on our multi purpose trailer, modified with a welded iron rack. That trailer has been to Lake Powell, to Chicago, and to Florida multiple times. The trailer, with or without the rack, also carries the 17' canoe rigged for rowing and sailing. But that's another story.

Now, at 74, I am into radio controlled airplanes. I am a terrible pilot and when the group drives to the lake for seaplane excitement, I prefer to be the retriever of crashed and out-of-gas airplanes, using the old Canvas Back, still unbeatable as an inexpensive and well performing 'yak for an old man who would rather live a life on the water than tend the garden and pond in back of the house. But what can you do? At least Bob Hicks and *Messing about in Boats* keep me connected...

Back in the '60s when I was collecting old outboard motors and messing with old boats of many sorts, I found myself with a bunch of old motors but no boat in which to go fishing. An unusual ad appeared in the *Jamestown* (North Dakota, not New York) *Sun*, "For Sale: Old 19' wooden boat, not used for 20 years. Fair condition, \$50," with a phone number.

I couldn't resist and called for directions and information. The young gal with whom I spoke didn't know anything except that it was Grandpa's old boat and had been on sawhorses in the barn lean-to for 20 years.

"Okay, where is it?"

"Three miles north of Rogers, North Dakota, two silos, big barn, 'Nogosis' name on the mailbox."

"Okay, how about tomorrow evening? Okay, I'll be there." Better take the trailer, just in case. I had no trouble finding the farm.

"Hi, I'm Curt Nichols come to have a look at the old boat."

"It's over there in the barn lean-to, have your look, I'm going back in to finish supper. You're too early!" And there she was, a 19' Ole Lind cedar strip with sweeping sheer, mahogany seats, rails breasthook, and transom. All bright and good inside but only fair outside. She was dry and open but I couldn't find a bad stick in the entire boat. I did not argue price, I paid the old guy \$50, loaded her up, and left grinning like a horse eating thistles.

I knew the Ole Lind boats very well indeed. They were built in Osage, Minnesota, of virgin cedar and oak that Ole cut from his own land and sawed for the boats himself. The way I heard the story was Ole ran out of timber about 1950 and couldn't buy good timber at a reasonable price because Minnesota had long since been logged off to the last tree. Ole just quit building those fine boats. Most of Ole's boats were utility craft for the booming summer resort business, but Ole would build you a custom for a price. This was one of Ole's customs, built for Grandpa, I suppose.

After getting her home and giving her a good scrubbing inside and out (she was filthy), I realized I had stolen a grand old boat that had been used very little, needing a varnish job outside only. I would use her just the way she was this summer and work her over next winter. I kept her wet with a hose and towels a few days to swell her up, put my treasured old Evinrude 4-cylinder opposed 10

By Curt Nichols

on her and we went walleye fishing, me and my two boys. "She's going to leak like crazy for a while, you boys take turns bailing. Oh, no, grab the other bucket, Pat, you both bail while I catch these big walleyes for supper."

"But Dad, that isn't fair!"

"Hush up and bail so we don't sink, she'll quit leaking soon now." Well, it wasn't soon, but after an hour Pat got to fish and some time later Mark did, too. But bailing did continue off and on. We caught many nice walleyes and northern pike and left the boat in the water at the marina to soak up for more fishing tomorrow. I bailed her late in the evening and returned with the boys at the crack of dawn to find only about ten gallons in her. Good girl, almost tight aren't you?

She was big, with four seats, and easily carried the six of us in our family. We had a grand time with here and caught a ton of fish.

The lake water got warm, the fish got off their bite and the boys got bored. "Dad, why don't we put that great big Johnson of yours on the boat and we'll go water skiing?"

"Well, boys, I have been thinking about that, but I ain't pulling water skiers behind this boat with that big, strong PO model Johnson 22, rip the transom off! Those old POs will run right away from the new V4 Johnson 50s! Tell you what let's do. We'll put two more stout transom knees in her, the transom and original knee are 1-1/2" thick oak and okay as is. If we treat her gentle she'll be okay, but no water skiing, period!"

"Okay Dad, we'll go racing then."

"None of that either, but we'll go fast!" We did it, adding two more gunwale to transom braces and on went the PO. "Ole looks real serious with the big Johnson on her transom, huh boys?"

Into the lake she went and away we did fly. We weren't on the lake an hour when two guys with a 35 on an aluminum 16 wanted to race. Half throttle took care of them, so much for no racing! Within two weeks Ole and the PO had acquired the reputation of being the fastest boat on the lake. The boys heckled me about my no racing rule, but they were having a good time, and so was I.

A friend and I were still fishing one Sunday when four young boys in a fast look-

ing boat with a Johnson 50 challenged us to race. I declined and they got smart mouthed. Okay, you smart asses, we'll blow you away and then you leave us alone. That didn't take long and we headed back to fish. Here they come again! Rats. One of the plug wires was off and they wanted another race. "Go away boys, no more races."

"We're not going away until you race us again."

"What do you think, Gene, do we race 'em or shoot 'em? Fish ain't biting, let's see what they're up to. Okay, you little punks, one more time, but you pull any funny stuff and you're in trouble."

We were easing by them at 3/4 throttle when three of the boys jumped out of the boat into the lake, then the boat with just one boy in it was easing by us with him shouting profanities and giving us the finger. Gene yelled at me, "You ain't wide open, open her up!" I did and we more than eased by the little punk. Had it not been for the profanity and the finger it would have been a cute trick that we would have laughed about. Instead, the four of them got a stern warning, to put it mildly.

I took the PO off and put the Evinrude 10 back on, to the disappointment of the boys. But the fall bite was on and the PO was no fishing motor. "No more racing, boys."

The PO hadn't hurt her a bit and I did refinish her that winter. I sold her with the Evinrude to Gene two years later when we moved to Florida. Should have kept her, though, she was stolen from Gene's dock and deliberately destroyed not 30 days after he bought her. Never found out who took her. We thought probably the smart mouthed punks we had raced two years earlier. A crying shame.

For you folks wondering what the heck is a PO Model Johnson, I will explain. Built for several years prior to and during WWII, it was a large displacement 2-cylinder opposed motor with a big open flywheel around which you wound a starting rope. It had a big squarish integral fuel tank, huge bronze propeller, and no gear shift or neutral. It also had no water pump, the propeller threw water into a scoop under the cavitation plate. Clydsdale horses were used for power rating!

It was extremely reliable and powerful and was used extensively by our military during WWII. It used a lot of gas but it didn't take long to get where you were going. Another good old thing from the past now gone.

My 22' Winslow designed cutter was in a local boatyard when I bought it, and that first spring I readied it for a summer of sailing right where it was, in its cradle, set on the cinder-surfaced yard.

As autumn approached I began to contemplate all I hoped to do in the way of restoration during the coming winter, and the thought of working outside in winter and early spring weather was not very appealing. Outside storage in that yard would have cost me about \$175 back in '77; inside room, if available and in unheated, dark surroundings, would have been double that. And the four-mile trip to and from the house, while not a long one, would certainly be made many times. I'd be sure to leave some needed item behind.

I wanted to bring the boat home and I had a barn to which I could add a lean-to shed for the boat. But how to get her home? The boat had a 4' draft, full keel, and no trailer. A rigger quoted me \$150 for each trip, amounting to \$300 a year. Thinking about these costs, and about yard storage costs, I decided I might as well spend some more money to do it the way I wanted. I needed a trailer and it happened I knew where I could get one at a really reasonable price. The owner of a boat I didn't buy had tipped me off to a one-man shop near Taunton, Massachusetts, which built big flatbed trailers for only \$395!

I drove the 75 miles to Taunton to see the proprietor, Mr. Zion, and found his corrugated steel shed set in a rough clearing on Rt. 28 in Middleboro. He had several finished trailers on hand awaiting pick-up and readily agreed to build me one, a 24'x8' unit with four Chevy truck wheels in tandem, all for \$395. Delivery would be about two weeks. A card came in two weeks and I had my trailer.

For \$395 (then) I got a trailer welded up of 6" channels and 3" axles. It had no floor, no lights, and no brakes, but was strong, with a 2" hitch. For \$12 I bought a trailer lighting kit. My van had power brakes that would easily stop everything.

To keep height down, I had asked Zion to weld the cross pieces beneath the side channels rather than above. My 7' deep hull doesn't tower quite so high this way. Six 2"x12" hemlock planks 16' long cost me only \$.19 a board foot at the sawmill, that's about \$36 worth.

We hauled the boat by spiking the cradle right to the trailer planks and chaining the whole thing onto the marine railway at the yard. I just drove it away when the railcar came up, and even at an easy 30mph I was home in a few minutes with the boat. All in all, less than \$500 had given me the ability to move my keelboat at the cost of a couple of years' yard storage. In 1979 Zion's price was up to \$450 when a friend bought a similar rig. That's still a hell of a value.

While getting the trailer arranged I had gone ahead with my shed. In planning it I wanted room enough to park the boat on the trailer with headroom above for work on the

Bringing It All Home

By Bob Hicks

(First Published in *Small Boat Journal*, October 1979)

deck plus side room for a long bench and some tools. Plenty of light was also necessary. I don't care for dank, gloomy sheds.

My barn is 30' long with the gutters 13' up. The trailer is 8' wide. Some sketching on graph paper left me with a shed roof building 30' long by 15' wide, 12' high where it joined the barn wall and 10' high at the outside. A straight run from the street over a flat lawn was available and the end of the shed facing the street was to be left open. For deep winter I'd close it with a lightly framed, plastic-covered door/window to keep out weather and let in sun.

This was to be a 450sf building, and if I didn't want to put more into it than I had into the boat, I knew I'd have to economize. I'd seen sheds built of lath covered with plastic, light but flimsy. I wanted solid construction. The structure I settled upon as best was a pole building.

This type of construction uses treated poles (similar to utility poles) to hold up the roof. Walls are of the simple curtain type, non-load bearing. I used a book put out by the Garden Way people up in Burlington, Vermont, *Low Cost Pole Building Construction*, as a guide. It worked, for about \$1,200 plus my labor I got a sturdy, roomy, and well-lit boatshed.

With an existing barn to provide one wall, I needed only four poles. Each had to be 12' long, 3' in the ground and 9' above to the plate holding the rafters. It used to be that these poles could be bought at farm supply outlets, but around here (near Boston) there are no longer such places. They all cater to suburban needs now, and who needs 12' telephone poles in the suburbs?

Well, Koppers Chemical does the pressure treatment at their plant in Nashua, New Hampshire. A call to them explaining my needs brought success, they'd sell me the poles under a yard pick-up, cash deal arrangement. I hauled them home in my long wheelbase van. I could have used the boat trailer but it was easier to just let the poles stick out the rear of the van.

The trailer came into use getting the framing timbers. I needed 16' 2"x10"s plus 2"x4"s for wall framing. The 2"x10"s would spike together for the plate and serve both as rafters and as a cleat running the length of the barn for the rafters to rest on. Prices at local "discount" lumber yards were ridiculous. Heading to northern New Hampshire with the van and 24' flatbed trailer (still no floor), I bought the aforementioned fir and framing timbers and hemlock planks (for the trailer floor) at a water-powered mill in Lost Nation (near Lancaster). The \$.19 a board foot price is up to about \$.23 in 1979. The trailer handled it all with ease and would subsequently become useful (when not holding the boat) for transporting such bulk as firewood and farm machines.

For siding I opted for rough-surfaced exterior plywood with vertical grooving resembling vertical boarding. These 4'x8' sheets ran about \$14 each at the lowest cost Boston area lumber outlet, Brewsters in Woburn, about 20 miles away. For roof panels I bought cheap 3/4" particle board sheets,

4'x8'. Over these would go asphalt roll roofing, single cover. Light would get in through six secondhand storm windows measuring about 32"x60" which I bought for \$4 each through the local *Bargain Hunters Guide* classified weekly.

It took me about a month of intermittent effort to get the boat shed up, working alone except for help in getting the sheets of particle board up onto the 10' high outer roof plate. Putting up a pole building is certainly simple. I first graded the dirt floor, removing sod cover and planting it elsewhere. Four holes 3' deep were dug, about 4" of concrete poured in each, all leveled with a simple gauge. The poles were then trimmed to equal length and set up in the holes with rocks packed around them. The plate was built on top of the poles, three layers of 2"x10"s spiked together with overlapping joints. A cleat of 2"x10"s went on the barn wall just under the gutter overhang, leaving room for rafters and roofing to fit in under the edge of the barn roof.

Rafters were all precut and slid and lifted into place, then 2"x4" spacers went between the rafters to provide support for the weak particle board roofing. The latter then went up and on, cut to fit in place as needed, and I had a roof on poles.

Now for the walls. Since they carry only their own weight, the 2"x4" studding could be on 24" centers to suit the 4'x8' sheathing panels. Each section on the outside wall was framed thusly, with window openings. The back end wall was the same, with two windows plus the small upper triangle to close in the gable end. On went the plywood, its sheathing and exterior finish in one. Some pine board facings around the windows, the roll roofing up top, a gutter along the edge to control water run-off from the combined barn and shed roofs, and I was ready for the boat.

The cutter sits against the barn wall, leaving about 3' over the deck and 5' over the cockpit. I just have to watch my head on deck, but most work was belowdecks anyway. Alongside, a 7' work area 30' long permits a 20' work bench on the outer wall by the windows. At the back, a wood burning box stove takes the edge off the cold, getting the temperature up to 40 degrees or so in coldest winter, good enough to keep fingers from freezing. Clamp-on drop lights supplement daylight and provide illumination where needed. There's room for the table saw and lumber piles under the bench. The big entry area is closed off by a strapping and plastic door/window for the winter, and I get in and out through an existing side door in the barn wall.

Now my \$5,000 boat gets home on a \$500 trailer and spends its winters in a \$1,200 shed I can reach from the house via connecting sheds without going outdoors. No more yard storage bills, no more cold rain or hot sun, no blowing dust on new varnish, no more teeny-bopper rock and roll music from the guy next to me in the boatyard, no more finding things left behind. I can work when I want to for as long or little as I wish, in touch with family and friends and business, which I run from an office in the barn. All this is pretty important for someone who enjoys working on a boat as much as sailing it. It can be yours for a lot less than you think if you are handy with tools, have some room in the yard at home, and are willing to go to the source for raw, materials whenever possible.

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Epilog

Twenty-five years after I wrote the above, the cutter is long gone and the shed is full of all the things that got tossed into it once it became vacant after the cutter was gone and a few years of working on smaller boats passed. The bench remains cluttered with tools and hardware left there when building activity ceased, the big old table saw and bandsaw are hunkered down beneath a burden of stuff. It's a waste of good storage space I increasingly need for the still growing accumulation of things too good to throw away, so this winter I will be clearing away the no longer wanted stuff to make room for the current collection as yet not slated for disposal.

The roof panels and roofing were replaced about five years ago with 3/4" plywood and asphalt shingles. Now the back wall panels need replacement as the plywood has begun to rot away along its base. Clearing this out and organizing the space is going to permit me to consolidate much of the collected stuff now scattered around in several smaller "temporary" sheds which can then be demolished if I refrain from finding more stuff to refill them.

The Winslow cutter entering her winter abode.



The \$395 trailer, not fancy but effective.

The boatshed addition fits nicely on the north wall of the old barn.



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Dovekie's Pluses and Minuses

By Gary Forehand
Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*

I first learned of the Dovekie in 1984 or so from the ads in *Small Boat Journal* while living in Miami. I always thought the extreme shallow draft would be a great asset and fell in love with the self-sufficient, no motor concept. But one thing or another prevented me from getting one.

After a job transfer to northern Virginia in 1999, the time was right. I subscribed to the *Shallow Water Sailor* and promptly saw an ad for a 1987 Dovekie in Michigan. The original owner was more interested in racing with the local club than shallow water cruising and had only sailed her a few times. We struck a deal which included a Cox galvanized trailer and the original tanbark sail for under \$4,000. The original canvas dodger and back porch were completely rotted but the hull and rig were like new. The sail needed slight repairs. I brought her home, sanded and repainted the faded cranberry red with polyurethane teal color, and ordered new canvas from Harding Sails, the original sail maker. That canvas all cost well over \$1,000 but they did a beautiful job and what it adds to the boat is worth the cost.

I have sailed our Dovekie on the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay eastern shore several times and spent up to three nights aboard. The pdf file Dovekie Brochure and Owners Manual available on the SWS website is the single best source of information on the boat and sailing her. The SWS also offer a CD containing all the back issues that can be search for specific information, along with all the old magazine ads and other stuff. Much has been written about sailing and modifying them.

About 150 were built, and about 15 of the larger sistership, *Shearwater*. They stopped building because costs became too much for the market. The construction is actually pretty high-tech, Airex PVC foam core between fiberglass inner and outer skins. Light but strong and stiff. Lots of small modifications have been made but no major ones seem to have been needed.

I have the original maple Shaw & Tenney oars which are nice. I have never used an outboard on her, but I am no expert oarsman. Seems about half the owners use an outboard, 2hp to 4hp longshaft, that can be mounted on different types of brackets, but I have found I can cruise and have fun under sail and oars keeping my expectations realistic.

The boat, being very light for her size, handles steadily but somewhat like a big dinghy. Since the bottom is perfectly flat, the wind tends to move her sideways easily if no leeboard is down. I have used the first and second reefs often but never capsized or had a close call, although it can capsize and it has happened to others a few times. Getting her righted and bailed would probably be a major undertaking. One would not usually cleat the mainsheet.

Under sail she feels like a grand lady, very steady and deliberate, and is beautiful to watch. I love her sheerline and double ended hull. The cockpit seats are more comfortable



than any small sailboat I've sat in. So with camping pads, sleeping bags, a Forespar mini-galley propane stove, water jugs, Porta-Potty, waterproof duffle bags, and Tilley hat one can have a complete cruising boat.

Long cruises have been made in Dovekies, even crossing the Gulf Stream to the Bahamas. There is no electrical system, just a good battery lantern, unless under power, then real lights are needed. The Bruce anchor that comes with her is wonderful, never drags, and breaks out easily, I would never use anything else.

She trailers easily with the smallest cars. I have mostly pulled her behind a Saturn wagon, Ford van, and Land Rover. The workmanship at Edey & Duff was excellent and the fiberglass, spars, hardware, etc. are first class and show no weakness and little deterioration after all these years.

What are the disadvantages? She is basically a decked over open boat except for when the back porch that turns the whole cockpit into a covered living/sleeping room is put up. One moves about below decks either on knees or scootching around, which can get tiresome. She will keep you flexible! There is sitting headroom under the deck but most of it is taken up by the stowage bins on either side. They work very well for storing gear.

She is easy to sail but harder to sail well and I am still learning. It takes a bit of finesse

to get the best out of her. Being light and flat bottomed, she doesn't like going to windward in much of a chop, but can and will do it. A Dovekie is unconventional looking but she sort of grows on one.

Would I buy a Dovekie again? Definitely yes! The fact is, the sprit rig and leeboards are very simple, strong, and just work well. A great deal of thought went into her design, which one only begins to fully appreciate after using her awhile. I am soon retiring to the North Carolina coast where it is very shallow and very windy. I expect I will probably keep her always. Great sense of accomplishment to cruise under sail and oar, and great pride of ownership.

The SWS organization has been an excellent source of information and inspiration. I have participated in only a few SWS cruises but they offer great opportunities to learn from and enjoy the company of like minded sailors.

Since I like to read, I have most of the books by designer Phil Bolger and a copy of just about everything ever written about the Dovekie. I think this is a boat that people will be using and re-discovering for many years into the future. There really isn't another like it, and that is part of her charm.

(The *Shallow Water Sailor* can be reached c/o Kenneth G. Murphy, Editor, 20931 Lochaven Ct., Gaithersburg, MD 20882.

CLC Launches Shearwater Kayak Line

It's been nine years since the Chesapeake line of stitch-and-glue sea kayaks became a touchstone for touring performance in a build-it-yourself package. The Chesapeakes are the mainstay of CLC's kit kayak business, with thousands under construction all over the world. The Chesapeakes excel as comfortable touring kayaks that paddle well and weigh 20lbs less than their plastic equivalents, and they're easy to build. What would be the next step?

The Shearwater project started when CLC observed the steady popularity of sleeker, more performance-oriented CLC kayak designs such as the Arctic Hawk, Pax 18 and Pax 20, and West River 18.

"Those are neat kayaks and ideal for folks who are willing to give up a little space for performance. The Arctic Hawk is arguably one of the best handling kayaks in the world," says CEO John C. Harris, "but we think there are a lot of paddlers who want some of the speed and handling of those boats without giving up the comfort of the Chesapeakes."

A complex specification was drawn up for a line of boats that combined speed and handling with roomy cockpits and easy construction. For this very challenging design brief, Harris selected veteran paddler and kayak designer Eric Schade.

"I had paddled Eric's Merganser design about five years ago and it had many of the qualities we wanted, a good-looking West Greenland-style hull with great tracking and steering," Harris wanted a distinctive and attractive deck design, however, and over the winter several prototypes were built testing different approaches. The final deck scheme is functional, elegant, easy to assemble, and unique.

Striking and innovative, the Shearwater's deck retains the gentle camber that is a trademark of CLC kayaks, but the sheer panel of the hull is raked inward to reduce windage and increase paddle clearance. The sweeping sheerline complements the nicely balanced ends, there isn't an awkward hump or a bump anywhere. On the water the Shearwater demonstrates excellent poise and responsiveness in a broad range of conditions, edging turns easily when leaned but tracking straight when pushed hard in surfing conditions. The relatively low profile means you'll spend less time on corrective strokes and more time covering ground.

Eric Schade built one of the Shearwater 17s and took it with him on a paddling vacation last summer. He reports, "I used the boat quite a bit on our trip to Maine, including a 20+ mile circumnavigation of Swan's Island from Bass Harbor on Mount Desert Island, 2'-3' ocean swells, 10-15kt headwinds/crosswinds (10+ mile fetch), very fun. The boat tracks well in all the conditions I encountered. Passing one point there were steep, confused seas which posed no problems beyond getting a dousing."

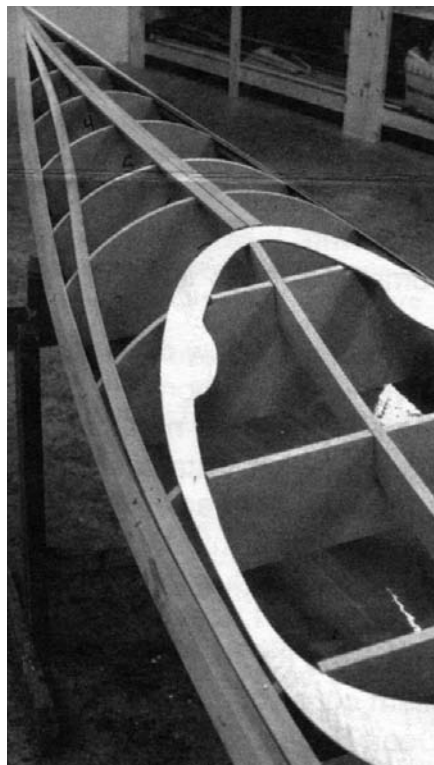
The Shearwater design abounds in interesting and innovative features. To emphasize the clean lines, the decks are computer cut from sapele plywood, a beautiful mahogany with a reddish-brown swirling



grain, to contrast with the honey-colored okoume sides and bottoms. The black-and-white photos don't do justice to the effect. Flush hatches are standard. Veteran stitch-and-glue builders will find notable tweaks in the Shearwater kits, including CNC-cut "finger joints" instead of the more typical scarf joints. The finger joints eliminate the alignment step required of scarf joints, so parts are quicker to assemble and impossible to misalign. Another luxury in the Shearwater kits is that 99% of the holes for the wire stitches have been drilled for you by our CNC machine. This means faster assembly and no measuring for bulkhead locations, as those holes are drilled, too.

Most exciting is the availability, on all models, of a "hybrid" strip-planked deck. In this process CNC-cut forms are supplied with the kit. The strip-planked cedar deck is assembled over the forms, then lifted off to have its underside fiberglassed. The forms are removed and the deck is glued back down to normal cypress sheer clamps. A cedar strip deck is exotically beautiful and there is wide latitude to customize the look of the deck

Stripping a Shearwater 16 deck.



with patterns of contrasting strips, included in the kit.

There are three Shearwater singles, variously 17', 16', and 14.5'. The 17 is sized for paddlers who weigh from 160lbs to 220lbs, max shoe size men's 12-1/2. The Shearwater 16 accommodates 120lbs to 190lbs, max shoe size men's 10. The Shearwater 14 is actually 14'6" and is designed for paddlers 100lbs to 150lbs, min seam of 30", and shoe size men's 10 max. All of the fiddly numerical details can be found at www.clcboats.com.

A Shearwater Double is in the works, 18'6" long. This compact and fast tandem sea kayak will share the same styling cues as the Shearwater singles and will fill the middle ground between CLC's recreational Mill Creek double, the expedition-class Chesapeake Double, and the race-oriented Sport Tandem.

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Once the world's largest manufacturer of boats, the name of Mullins is little known to the antique boating world today. Constructed mainly of galvanized steel, more than 100,000 boats of many types and models were produced for 40 years at their factory in Salem, Ohio. My goal is to introduce you to these boats.

William Mullins was the owner of a sheet metal works based in Salem that existed in the late 19th century. His products included Victorian decorations such as gargoyles, weathervanes, roofing, and statues just to name a few. Located on a spur off the Pennsylvania Railroad Pittsburgh-Ft. Wayne line, Mullins was ideally situated to deliver his goods to all points.

While on a duck hunting trip up north, Mr. Mullins and his hunting friend were quickly overtaken by the frigid waters of a marsh due to the failure of a wooden boat. Imagine the work involved in the 1890s in travel, gear, and launching a boat just to have the trip ruined by such a disaster. Well, this is the spark that started the wheels in motion that put the Mullins engineers on a quest to create a boat of sheet metal that would make the wooden boat obsolete.

When most people hear of a steel pleasure boat, a thought of a heavy burdensome weight pops into their minds. But the opposite is true, Mullins boats were mainly made from several plates of double galvanized steel gradually shaped by heavy drop presses to blueprint specifications. Plates were then lapped, countersunk riveted, and soldered to create a smooth hull. This procedure would continue until the end of the manufacture of the Mullins boat.

Mullins Steel Boats

By David T. Dufresne from www.acbs.org

Mullins started with a 14' duckboat named the *Get There* that resembled a kayak made of steel. His boats were first offered in galvanized steel, manganese bronze, and aluminum. Manganese bronze was intended for salt waters, while aluminum was the premium priced option that offered a great reduction in weight, a very important consideration in those days. Most boats came with a structure consisting of wooden ribs joined only where necessary to prevent distortion of the hull, should the wood warp.

The Mullins line expanded in the late 1890s and included flotation tanks in all boats to prevent a sinking in the event that water filled the hull. Airtight sheet metal flotation tanks became the standard for most of the Mullins boats until the end. Aluminum soon disappeared as a hull option perhaps due to a weakness, but would reappear in the '20s. Soon after, manganese bronze was deleted as an option, leaving the galvanized steel as the main ingredient. A boat trailer known as the Handy Cart, manufactured by the Lawrence Carriage Company of St. Paul, Minnesota, was offered in the 1890s that would hitch to a wagon and make launching a breeze.

It was to be Mullins' use of mass production in the boating industry that would put his boats in the market in great numbers at an affordable price. Into the 1900s Mullins increased the line-up, improved the processes, and worked on getting a motorized boat to

market. 1902 saw the start of the automobile body business for Mullins, using presses to make body parts for the new horseless carriage industry.

In 1905 Mullins offered motorized boats for the first time. The Beaver Tail Auto-Speed Launch was offered in either 21' or 30' lengths. The 21' version, equipped with a 12hp motor, delivered a speed of 15mph. Also offered in 1905 was a choice of a 16' or 18' Torpedo Stern Launch, weighing 700lbs and equipped with a single cylinder 3hp engine that propelled the boat to 8mph. The Mullins product gave a smooth, lighter hull that would be offered with modest power plants, putting all the controls within reach of the driver was the priority. Though made of steel, the interiors contained finished wood and hardware that added a touch of elegance.

The Automobile Boats, Special and Leader Launches proved to be lasting designs that made their way to many boat liveries of the day. The low maintenance along with a durable hull gave Mullins the edge on the purchase decision. Mullins would continue to adjust the models offered to gain a foothold on profit in the boating industry.

In 1912 a Mullins hydroplane with a guaranteed speed of 28mph was offered for \$1,000. With a 15'11" hull, a 52" beam, and weighing 950lbs, it could seat three. Powered by a 3-cylinder Pierce-Budd dual carburetor, 25hp motor weighing 217lbs, the Hydroplane offered style, automobile control, and speed for a modest price. As always, Mullins presented a boat with less maintenance, no caulking, no gain in weight, and no leaks to spoil the day, guaranteed.

Into the 'teens Mullins continued on with boats of steel and added wooden boats and cedar canoes. It was stated that the demand for wooden boats was there and Mullins had the means to produce them. One of these, the Mullins Arrow, measured 25' was equipped with a 35hp Sterling motor, and sold for \$2,375. With other wooden and steel boats offered in 1917, this came to a total of 40 possible choices.

Mullins Cedar Canoes were produced during this time offering several models and sizes. With a cedar frame, oil soaked to prevent the absorption of water, the canoes were covered in canvas with two coats of filler applied. Building canoes gave Mullins steady employment, avoiding a seasonal hiring practice and the training of this newly hired help. Models included such names as the Princeton, the Harvard, the Yale, and the Sponson.

Another innovative boat produced by Mullins was the 16' Tunnel Stern Launch. This was a wooden hull boat that could operate in only 6" of water. Three moderate power options were available with a Universal 10hp motor capable of 8mph. The boat was a mid-engine, side-steered model that once again gave the operator all controls within easy reach.

The end of the 'teens left Mullins producing its V-Bottom steel boats that offered greater speed with an increase in power. Top of the line was a 25' V-bottom motor boat powered by a Scripps 75hp motor that propelled it to a breathtaking speed of 26mph. The V-Bottom boat line would last into the '20s and the launches and automobile boats would soon be phased out of the lineup.

Wooden boat production ceased before 1920. One of the economy motorboats that



My 1926 16' Red Arrow Twin Outboard.

A 1934 Sea Eagle Tin Man" with Graymarine Engine.



emerged from the mid-teens was the Outboard Special, a beefed up version of a rowboat designed to operate with the primitive hand crank starting outboards that were growing in popularity. I own an Outboard Special that is seaworthy and in original condition. I used it for the 2000 boating season with a 1926 ELTO battery-ignition Rudder-twin.

The '20s would show Mullins boats continuing an evolution in design and speed to match the propulsion industry. The new Sea Hawk line sported a hydroplane hull made with corrugations toward the stern that increased the surface area for easier planing and increased stability by reducing sideslip. These were outboard boats that were offered in different models to fill, hopefully, the needs of the boat buying public. Sea Hawks were produced in galvanized Armco ingot iron and also offered in aluminum alloy.

With speeds of up to 28mph listed in a 1928 brochure, the ever-increasing power of the outboard promised to soon make 30mph a reality. The aluminum models were highly polished and painted with clear lacquer. Production aluminum boats came from Mullins long before it became commonplace. A standard Sea Hawk, the Lady Sparton, is shown in a 1929 brochure winning the Milwaukee to Chicago marathon. Of the 49 boats that started, only six made it to the finish line and the Mullins was the only one with a crew of two.

Other models were the Duplex Hull Red Arrows which came in inboard or outboard configurations. The 16' Red Arrow of 1928 was a double cockpit for the inboard or a triple cockpit in outboard form. An operator could still add two outboards on the inboard model if desired. In the outboard model two of the largest outboards could be mounted on the stern with the steering tightened up to allow the boats to be steered by rudder. The 20' models were the same but added another cockpit to each. I own a 1926 16' Red Arrow Twin Outboard restored.

It was in 1927 that the Mullins engineers came up with the idea for the Sea Eagle inboard runabout. They wanted a low cost runabout that was reliable and stylish. The '20s ended with the Outboard Special and the Prince rowboat surviving and an updated boat trailer that attached to the bumper of your car. The '30s would see drastic changes and a reduction in the line-up of Mullins boats.

1930 brought on a new era of Mullins boats that would only last for the year. The onset of the Depression overtook the 1930 line-up and cuts were made to simplify production for 1931. The 1930 catalog offers new names to old hulls and some innovative products that were, unfortunately, crushed by hard times. Boats named Albatross, Dolphin, and Flamingo were updated Steel Kings and Sea Hawk models from the '20s. Added were two step-plane racing hulls measuring 13' 6" long and a beam of 51" which offered a sturdy place to run the new high-powered outboards. The Torpedo that seated one, and the Tarpon that seated two or when racing had a cover for the forward cockpit, were a couple of beauties with top speeds of 40mph to 50mph. The Lark was the new name for the Outboard Special and the Prince rowboat was renamed the Penguin.

1931 introduced the well-known Sea Eagle, a sleek inboard runabout that ran 30mph equipped with a 40hp Lycoming four-



My unrestored 14' Outboard Special at Dutch Harbor in May of 2000.

cylinder motor. Measuring 15'6" with a 63" beam, the Sea Eagle weighed 1,380lbs. Later it gained 3" in length, believed to be from the addition of the Sea Eagle emblem, and engine power increased later in the '30s. This Sea Eagle incorporated the corrugated hydroplane hull that was common on the '20s Mullins Hawks. Only three boats accompanied the Sea Eagle into the '31 line-up, the Dolphin, the Lark, and the Prince rowboat. The Penguin name was out for this model and the well-known Prince name returned.

A '32 ad shows the Sea Eagle reduced in price to \$695, a new Deluxe Sea Eagle, and the addition of a Camp Mate tunnel hull inboard boat that would operate in 10" of water. The Deluxe Sea Eagle contained an options package and other additions that made the deal worth the extra \$100. Other variations would be offered in the Sea Eagle line in the years to come, including the addition of 5.5" to the freeboard claiming a more appealing look and increased seaworthiness.

Mullins Boats moved to Oil City, Pennsylvania, in the mid-1930s where the line finally died sometime later. The name changed to the Champion-Mullins Boat Company in 1943, Champion Boat and Folding Bed Company in 1945 continuing on until 1950 with "boat" deleted from the company name.

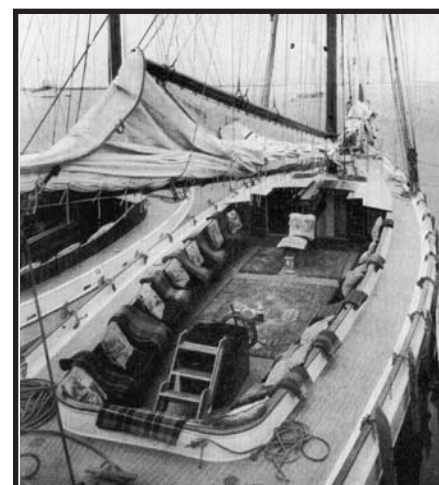
Mullins gave us mass produced boats with safety and ease of use features early on for the boat industry. They presented us with boats built like the autos of the time of steel with beautiful finished wood and comfort. Mullins offered aluminum hulls long before they were commonplace, and non-wooden hulls to lessen our time spent refurbishing, leaving more time for family, friends, and fishing. Many of the boats survived but go unknown due to the lack of knowledge of their existence, or the loss of their maker's tag. Some are scrapped to clean up a yard or stripped for the vintage inboard motor.

I am in the process of gathering all the information that is out there on these wonderful boats. I will create a database to help those seeking information on their Mullins boat. Being located in Salem, Ohio, I will ensure that the local historical society has the information here should I move, lose interest, or otherwise. If you have a Mullins or know of one, please contact me with the particu-

lars. Pictures are needed for further publications and a website on the boats. The website can be found by entering Mullins boats into a search engine, or by e-mailing me at ddufresne@neo.rr.com. Spread the word so that the remaining Mullins boats will find appreciation and new homes in order to survive the next one hundred years.

(Submitted by Dick Schneider who states that he no sooner sent off his letter published under "Information Wanted" in the November 1 issue seeking information on Mullins steel boats then this article from the internet was sent to him by a friend).

Reader Schneider's dream Mullins.

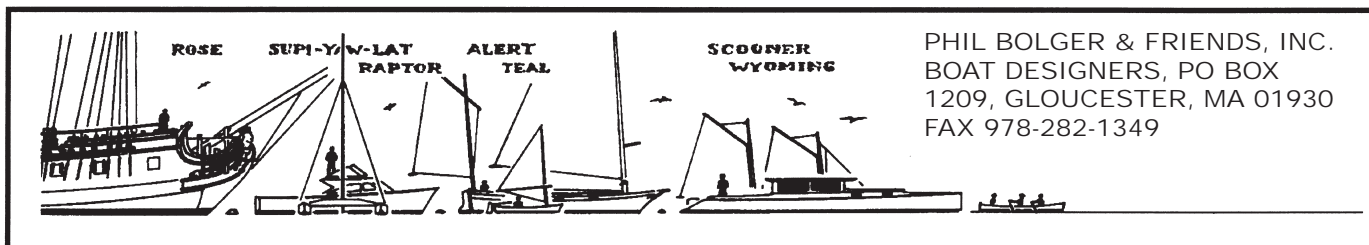


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Bolger on Design

Hope Outboard Utility

Design #258 16'0" X 6'4"

Hope was designed over 30 years ago as a working lobster boat. The late Ben Dolloff of Gloucester built her for his grandson. She was intended to be efficient with an 18hp two-stroke motor that was on hand, and with that motor she made 10-1/2kts (that's about 12mph) with two men on board and well soaked up. Ben built her strip construction "because he wanted to try it," but he used an elastic seam compound instead of glue besides the usual edge nailing. She remained tight and stiff for many years. Ernie Tarr, also of Gloucester, built two or three boats from the design but used caulked carvel plank on bent frames. One of these is shown in Photo #1, taken today as I write (October 1, 2005). She's been heavily sheathed with fiberglass, to which she's entitled at around 30 years of age.

Lately there's been some new interest in the design on account of its ability to perform well with modest power. Settling for moderate speed also allows the deep and sharp forebody for an unusually soft ride in choppy water. Photo #2 is one of two Hopes built with glued lapstrake plywood planking by Ross Lillistone's Bayside Wooden Boats in Wynnum, Queensland, Australia, for use on the Great Barrier Reef. The frames before planking show the easy entrance lines of these boats. One of these two boats has a 15hp four-stroke outboard motor. The one in Photo #3 has a Yanmar 1GM10 diesel, about 8hp with 2.21 reduction gearing to turn a 12x10 three-blade propeller. No speed report so far, the photo was taken at 2000 engine rpm. This installation was designed by the builder, at the owner's insistence we have no drawings of it. Both owners are happy with their boats. The cuddies are for locked stowage.

On the other side of the ocean boat-builder John Tuma of Fremont, California, built a Hope for his own use, Photo #4. This boat is glued strip construction and was kept even simpler and lighter than the original by using an extension tiller with no console. A tiller has the drawback that it doesn't give you support against the motion of the boat, as a wheel does, and when the tiller is long, as here, you have to stand up to make large steering movements. The gain, besides simplicity and reliability and a saving of weight and cost, is the open space to move around in, play a fish, etc. Power is a 15hp four-stroke. Initial trial gave 15mph with one person and 12mph with three people, by GPS.

John tells us that the boat has been admired, especially the bow shape and the nice way the bow wave rolls over and goes



mostly under the boat, needing no spray rail below the rub molding at gunwale level. I am proud of these bows, I fair them the same way now and haven't seen any improvements worth making in all those years. What did happen was that I had to adapt them for much more power, up to our present Shivarree design with more beam and freeboard on the same length and a 50hp four-stroke to make 22kts. The weight of the big motor, its larger fuel tanks, and some added structural weight to stand the higher speed takes away from the grace that Hope has at her speed.

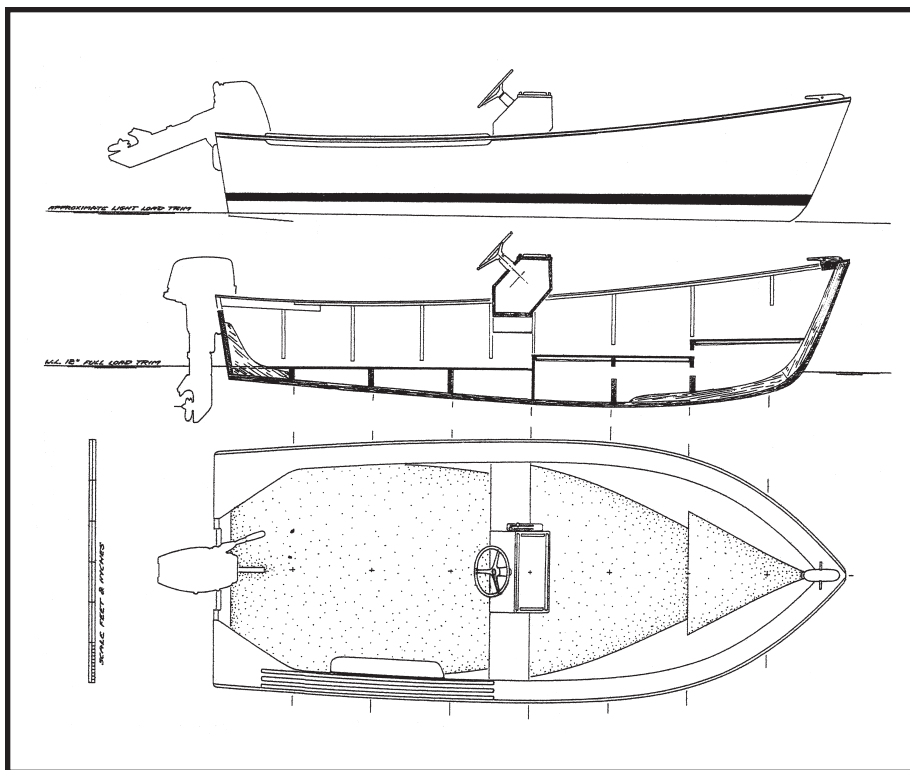
Considering how much of most boating areas is speed limited and that a high power


tion of the water on which high speed is allowable is likely to have waves of one shape or another that give any very fast boat, no matter how good her shape, an unpleasantly rough ride, the belated interest in the Hope design makes sense. In No-Wake zones she can actually go faster than the high-powered boats.

The owner of the 8hp boat was concerned that he was not getting an optimum shape for his power but, in fact, a hull designed for that power would not be much different. She has about 30 times the power of a rowing boat and a sailing boat has to function with very small power (in light


winds) so their shapes aren't appropriate. At the full rated continuous speed of the Yanmar, Hope will be up to, probably over, her nominal displacement speed of a little over 5kts. Her stern wave will be breaking away from the transom, justifying the semi-high speed shape of her stem. The builder commented that he might want to have more power some day, which this shape will allow.

Plans of Hope, our Design #258, are available for \$100 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA, 01930.






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When I proposed changing the *Petrel* (a Crotch Island Pinky) from a standing lug rig back to its original sprit rig, I was able to elicit several opinions. We went back and forth for several days. I have edited heavily for content to reduce it all to the essential points.

T: If it's still in the consideration stage, consider all those little sailors who simply cannot manage that boat just because of the sprit. The Pinky and Mac, especially the Mac because of the gaffs, are much easier boats to handle than the Albemarles.

B: If it comes down to sprit vs. lug, the lug rig is hard to handle, dangerous in setting and striking, and sufficiently slower to wind'ard to cause many a Guillemot skipper to tear his hair and gnash his teeth with impatience. Of course, these same arguments could be made about sprit rig, but the decisive image in my mind is of a kid amid 6' swells and howling wind standing on the *Petrel's* tiny and wet foredeck to wrestle that cursed yard around the mast while the vessel pitches through stays. Why no one hasn't fallen overboard yet confounds me. But this is really a moot issue. The clear solution is Chinese lug rig. Think of the jaunty silhouette the old girl would cut across stylish Pen Bay with a couple of batwings on her!

L: I prefer the sprit because of superior sail shape control as on the Albemarles. Now I never envisioned dipping these lugs, they are, after all, standing lugs. When I sailed my own boat with this sail I never dipped it and didn't notice any real disadvantage. Of course, my instruments may have been out of calibration. I treat the sprit rig the same, the forward to starboard and the after to port. With the smaller rig and lack of jib, I think the *Petrel* is going to be slower in any case (the sprit rig has slightly less area than the revised lug rig). One other way to gain a little might be to add a mizzen staysail, which I have heard good things about but never used.

T: I think you're right that lugs are hard to set and strike, but they're a damn sight better than setting/striking sprits. That's why I think gaffs are the best because they're fixed at the forward end and won't knock you in the jimmy when you least expect it. But lugs at least are a step in that direction. I don't think anyone should dip those things unless you're doing it for fun. Ben, I think I remember you saying that you guys did it regularly, but I don't think it's one of those things you'd do if the weather was at all snotty and you were concerned about safety. I think the boats are slow, but sprit or gaff or lug won't change that. That's where marconi comes in. But I don't think that's an issue. The boats would be pretty wacky indeed with a couple of soaring triangles up in the rig. One way to increase performance, and I really like this idea and am very delighted to present it to you gentlemen, is to provide a topsail.

L: The topsail might indeed be good. The Albemarle was the only sprit rigged boat in the U.S. to have a topsail originally. Also, I don't think the marconi rig is a viable alternative for any of these boats as the shallow hull form lacks sufficient power to carry a marconi rig of similar area to the traditional sails.

B: A few points, a few questions, and a proposal. First, it needs to be said that yes, we did dip the yard on the Pinky's lug-rigged main quite often when tacking. That sail may just have lost its shape in the last few years,

Sprit vs Standing Lug A Discussion

By Lee Huston

or you both may have done a better job controlling its shape, but we found that on the "off tack" the old girl pointed a good five degrees further off the wind and made way more slowly than with the sail on the good (leeward) side. When tacking in a confined channel, an opposing current, or (yes) a snotty sou'wester, it was pretty important to dip if you wanted to make much ground. I remember watching the Pinky have trouble keeping up with me tacking off Great Spruce toward Jonesport. She was taking these long tacks but not dipping her sail and we were making better way to windward than she. Only problem... we were hove to and she was still losing more ground than we!

Here's a question for Lee: If the Pinky were rigged with spritsails, what would be their size compared to the one which the Albemarles carry? It seems to me that were the sprits to be shorter, the concern over their unwieldiness might be lessened. Even with the *Petrel* carrying a sprit the size of the Albemarle sprits, I think it is important to remember that these kids are older than Ospreys and Herons. They would be more able to handle a sprit going up and down.

I am not convinced that the lug is safer to set and strike than the sprit. With the sprit, one can control it by holding on all the way up and all the way down. If it slips, it is likely to be pitched for'ard which, at least in the case of the mainsail, would send it over the bow and into the water. The other danger, that the sprit may slip out of its grommet at the peak, seems like one which could be managed with a more secure arrangement. Once the lug is a small way off the deck, it becomes impossible to hold onto it as it swings around. Holding the luff as the sail is raised is, of course, the key, but it is hard to do and I've seen kids let go before. Because the yard is then unbalanced, it can come crashing down mighty fast.

Reefing is also an area where the sprit, to my mind, beats the lug. Sure, casting off the snorter, lowering the halyard, and then refastening the adjusted snorter is tricky, but it sure beats the luff hanging and sail wrestling which reefing a lug rig requires. In addition, the lug's yard must permanently carry brailing lines to even allow it to be lowered into reefing position. These lines tend to chafe and catch and generally prove frustrating in normal operation. My favorite trick with the sprit is single-handedly scandalizing it by lowering the sprit and the sail's peak while leaving the sail up. This effectively halves the sail's area and takes all of 15 seconds.

Another question: If we stayed with lug rig, are there specific things which could be done to make reefing easier? The biggest point in favor of lug rig, beside its beautiful look, is the way it keeps crews busy. Katie reports that it regularly took all five kids and her to set and strike sails safely. Once set, there is endless tinkering to be done with tensioning the downhaul and heaving on the sheet. In her words, "there were no deck slugs on the *Petrel*, everybody was working all the time." I see this as a very desirable thing.

And finally, a proposal. Some writer about wooden boats, Peter Spectre or David Kasanof, or someone, once said that there are only two kinds of sailors, those who like to pull on a lot of strings and those who don't. I think we are agreed that for our trips, pulling on a lot of strings is a good thing. With that in mind, why not go for the gusto and re-rig *Petrel* as a gaff cutter? Think about it, all of the benefits of gaff rig (which I agree is superior) with plenty of sail options and increased weatherliness!

Okay, okay, it would be a major re-fit including standing rigging and probably not well suited to a boat of her size. In addition, it would probably be a higher rig, allowing her to carry less sail. A pipe dream? Probably, but, boy, wouldn't it be fun!

N: Ah, yes, the lug/sprit debate. As a young sailing apprentice with but six months before the mast, I often found myself aboard the family's 22' sprit rigged Casco Bay Hampton boat plying the waters around Lunenburg. On those introductory adventures my brother and I witnessed many varied attempts at managing that long pole that held up the tall part of the sail. The grunt work was being carried out by the commanding officer (Dad) of the vessel. We were always very intrigued by the various styles and techniques that he attempted when trying to set or lower the mainsail. The vessel, being very narrow forward, gave the operator of the sprit little to no room to stand when tending to the sail. It always reminded us of some sort of medieval jousting event, the tip of the lance caught on this huge sail, thrashing back and forth in the breeze, and the tiny deck space where you were to stand was bobbing in the swells. This ritual was something that struck fear into the hearts of the accompanying family members (brothers and mother).

As a family we finally graduated to a vessel that sported the latest in technology, the gaff. Now that was an amazing invention. With two lines, a sail with four corners could be hoisted with comparable ease. No jousting on a heaving deck, no screaming crew members warning of an approaching swell, fearing the captain would be tossed from the eyes of the vessel into the frigid Atlantic waters. The gaff seemed very civilized to us.

I was next introduced to the standing lug rig at Chewonki. This was a dream solution. One halyard, no long sprit to struggle with, and the proper look of a four corner sail was maintained. This was exciting. After sailing the lugs for a few summers I was very pleased with the results. It was at this point that I returned to my roots to find that my father was back to the Casco Bay Hampton boat and was trying to solve the sprit rig dilemma.

I mentioned the tremendous simplicity and ease of the lug rigs on the Chewonki boats. We drew up a new sail plan and had the sails cut. The new rig, with a slightly larger sail area, has been in use for about three summers. I have not had an opportunity to sail with the new rig but the reports are that it performs as well as the sprit rig did. It has eliminated the jousting problem but it has added the "yard" problem. That is the setting and striking issue that Ben mentioned.

So where does all of this leave us?

1. Not having a deck on these boats will help with the jousting issue because whoever is setting the sail can be down in the boat rather than on deck.

2. I am not sure how you will stow the sail. We rolled ours up around the sprit, starting with the leach and rolling toward the mast. The sprit never came out of the peak of the sail. This roll was then lashed to the mast and was very neat and out of the way. It is hard to find a home for the sprits elsewhere. The drawback of this was that the rolling was a bear of a job unless it was calm. Not anything most campers could manage.

3. As I read past correspondence it appears that this transformation is only occurring to the Pinky. This being the case, it being the smaller of the boats will make that sail slightly smaller and more manageable. What were the reasons for changing the rig to the lug in the first place?

4. I agree that the Pinky will be slower on an average no matter how those boats are rigged, but speed isn't everything. She will always be the best looking of the fleet!!

5. I second Twain's argument that the kids will have difficulty handling the sprit

going up and down with the attendant risk of conking. But we had that issue with the yards on the lug rig, it's just that these are much longer and are not lashed to anything. At least with the yard it was lashed to the sail giving more opportunity to control it. The drawback is that the yard is heavier and leaves quite a bump on the head if you find yourself in such a predicament.

6. I agree that the standing lug rig does not need to be dipped. That is what the dipping lug is all about and for that you need a crew of rugged European fisherman to make it behave.

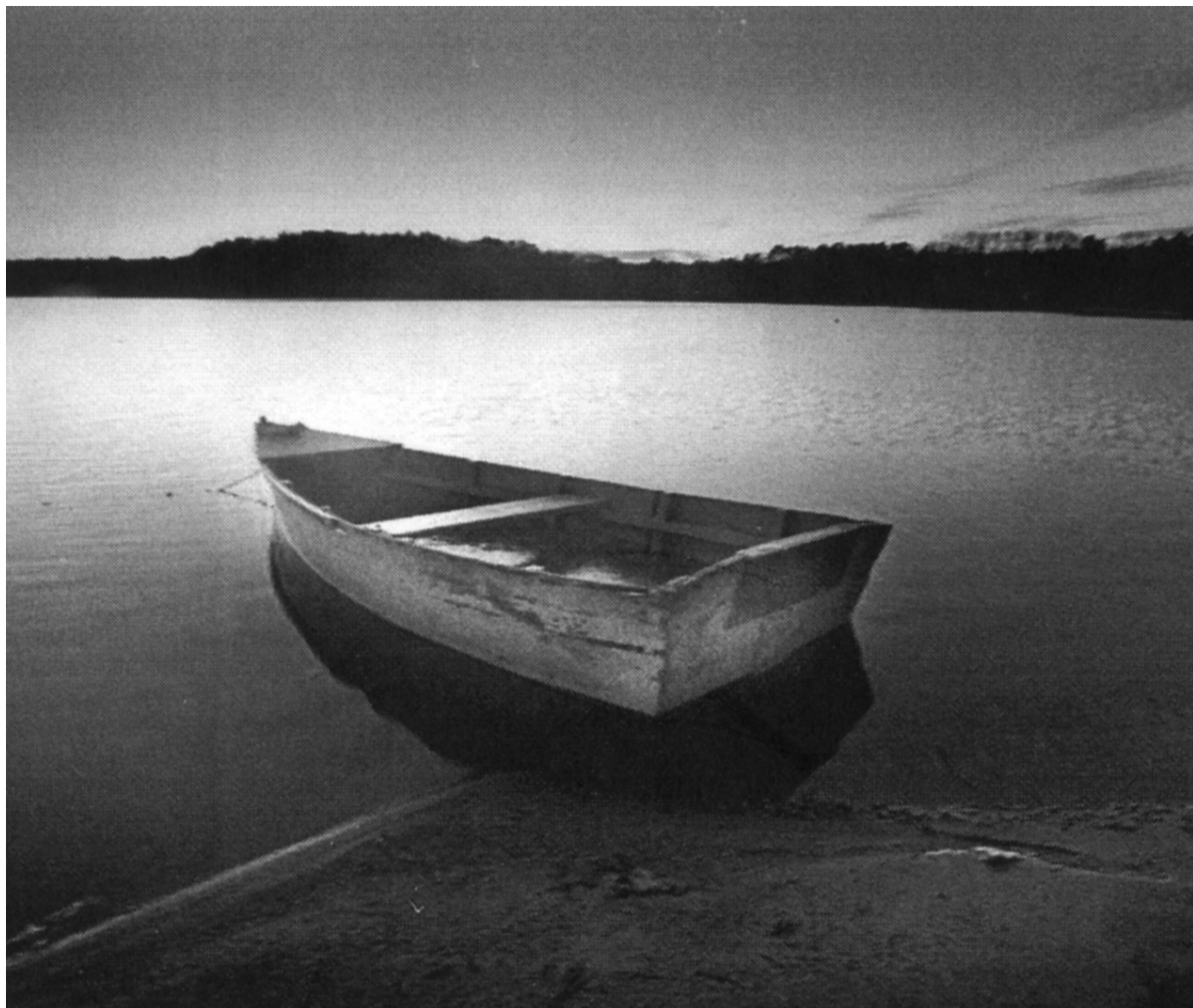
7. This is a great experiment and it is interesting that both the Pinky and my family's boat, which were both originally rigged with sprit and then converted to lug, now appear to be returning to their original rig. My impression is that Dad would like to convert the main on the Hampton boat back to sprit. I do not know any particular reasons,

just a general impression. I will try to pick his brain on these topics.

L: I think we will go with the spritsails this time. I don't have the drawings so I can't say for sure, but it seems the Pinky mainsail is just a little bigger than the Albemarle main. Making the sprit shorter doesn't work because it becomes too high to reach the bottom to lift and get that good set. A more secure connection at the peak may be safer and this could be something as simple as a longer tenon without additional hardware (or software). One other thing that might bear trying is used on the Thames River barges. These boats carry a huge spritsail. The sprit is left standing and the sail is brailed up to the mast. Gaff rig may be the best possible solution as it is the most controllable going up and down. Alas, I won't be able to pull it off this time because of needing new spars and all, and lacking enough time. It may be the answer for the new boat.


Season's End on Sheep Pond in Brewster, Massachusetts

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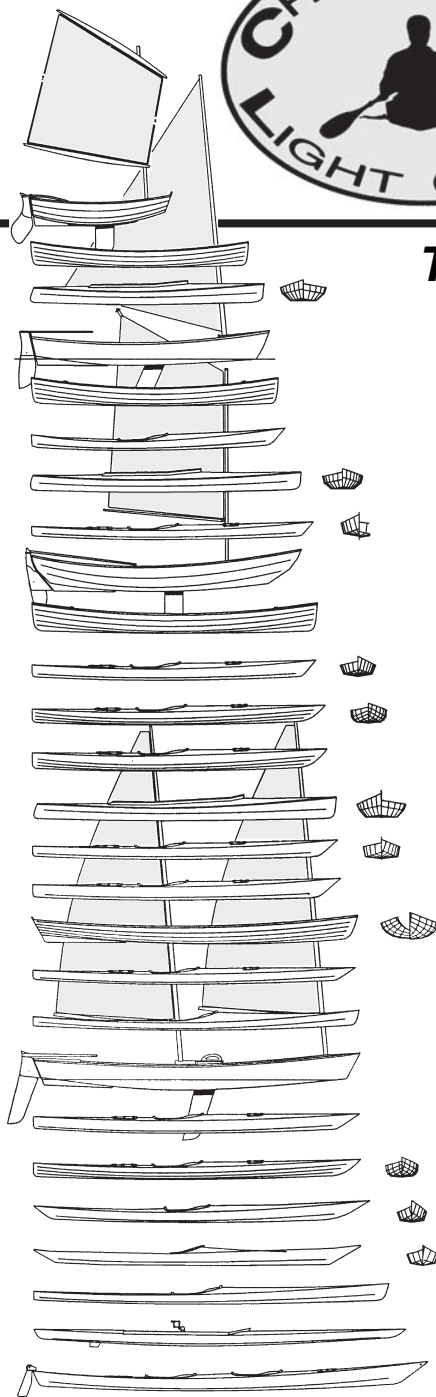
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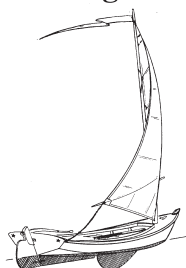
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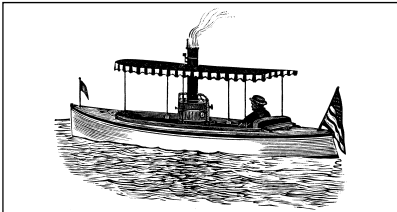
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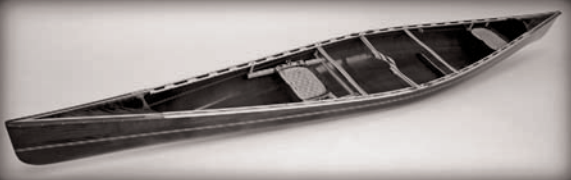
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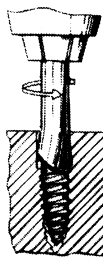
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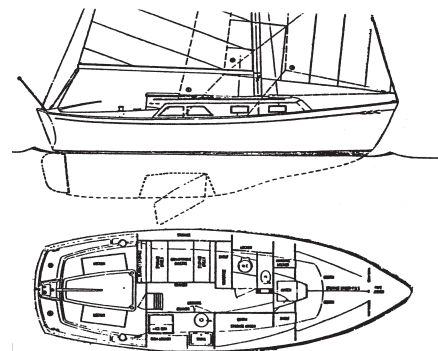
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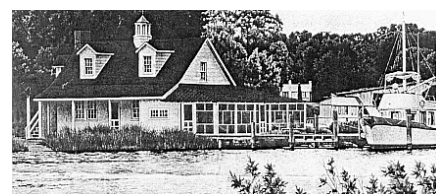
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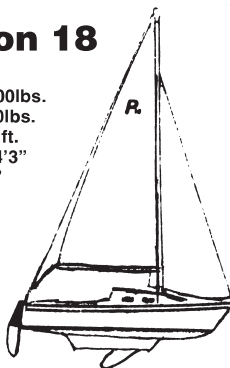
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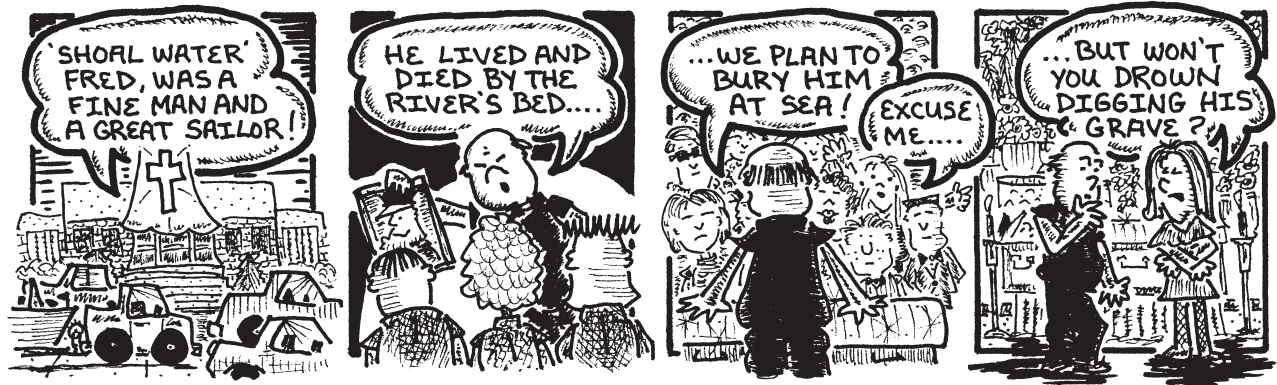
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